



Joe Klein:
The Tim Russert
I Knew

Dumping Your
Mortgage? There's
Help—at a Cost



How Comic-Book
Heroes Conquered
Hollywood

TIME

The Great Wall Of America

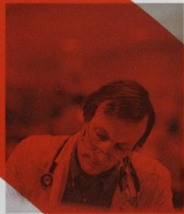


A billion-dollar barrier
is going up between the U.S.
and Mexico. It's reducing illegal
immigration—but does America
really need to wall itself off?
An eyewitness report

BY DAVID VON DREHLE



KATE NEVER SLEEPS.





Dreams.

Realities.

After an evening of tantrums that shook the walls, Kate has finally begun to dream. >>> But down the hall, her father wonders how he'll afford to send her to college, while her mother considers a larger home. >>> Downtown, Kate's overworked pediatrician ponders an early retirement. >>> In Bentonville, a shipment of Kate's favorite peas arrives at the baby food bottling plant. >>> And in Sydney, a sing-along DVD is being filmed, one that'll provide Kate's grateful parents with a brand-new lullaby.

Every minute, Kate's world is being enhanced by those near and far. And every minute, Citi is helping. We're providing the college savings plan and the mortgage that'll give her family room to grow. We're enabling her doctor to plan for the future, helping the pea farmer and the food processor to reach new markets, and funding the Australian studio. It's an enormous undertaking. And an even bigger responsibility. Which is why, while Kate might sleep, we never do. citi.com/neverasleeps

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Is tomorrow's energy right in front of us?

Where on earth could we find enough oil to power 60 million cars for 60 years? And enough natural gas to heat 160 million households for 60 years?

You might be surprised to learn that the answer is right here, in America – 112 billion barrels of oil and 656 trillion cubic feet of natural gas, just on federal lands.

But, as the saying goes, these vital domestic resources are often "so close, yet so far." Why? Because current government policies – a tangled mix of federal and state regulatory restrictions – put a large portion of these oil and natural gas resources, many on the Outer Continental Shelf (OCS), off-limits to production.

In fact, the U.S. government estimates that there are 30 billion barrels of undiscovered technically recoverable oil on federal lands currently closed to development.

New technological breakthroughs allow us to tap these resources, even in "ultra deep waters," while protecting fragile marine environments. Recently, oil and natural gas companies employed advanced technologies to discover vast amounts of new oil and natural gas in the Gulf of Mexico – resources beyond our technical reach just a few years ago.

The U.S. Department of Energy predicts America will need 19 percent more energy in 2030 than we use today. Meeting this demand, and ensuring our future energy security, requires developing more energy from more sources, including our own oil and natural gas resources.

Oil and natural gas not only heat our homes and fuel transportation, they also provide the building blocks for everything from medicines to advanced communications equipment. And developing America's untapped energy resources means a stronger economy and more American jobs. That's real economic stimulus – and it would allow increased funding for federal, state and local government budgets.

Oil and natural gas make possible our unequalled quality of life. Ensuring such for future Americans will require policies that permit responsible, respectful access to America's plentiful domestic oil and natural gas resources. These valuable resources are within our reach. Let's work together to realize their potential.

THE *people* OF AMERICA'S
OIL AND NATURAL GAS INDUSTRY

**85% of
lower 48 OCS
acreage is off-
limits to oil &
natural gas
development**

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On the cover: Photograph for TIME by Anthony Suau. Insets, from left: Alex Wong—Getty; Ward Sutton for TIME

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10 Questions.

From *The 40-Year-Old Virgin* to *The Office*'s clueless boss Michael Scott, he's made hilariously awkward comedy an art form. His new film, *Get Smart*, is in theaters.

Steve Carell will now take your questions



Podcast at **Time.com**

To listen to the interview with Steve Carell and to subscribe to the 10 Questions podcast on iTunes, go to time.com/10questions

How obligated did you feel to stay true to the original *Get Smart* series, and how much did you modernize the character?

Heather Boyle, HAMILTON, N.J.
It was daunting. I felt that the best way to pay tribute to Don Adams and the show would be to keep from doing an impersonation or a knockoff. They did it, and they did it so well, there's no reason to just duplicate it. We try to take the essence of the show and reinterpret it in a modern context.

You often play characters that are so awkward, they make people uncomfortable. Do you ever make yourself uncomfortable?

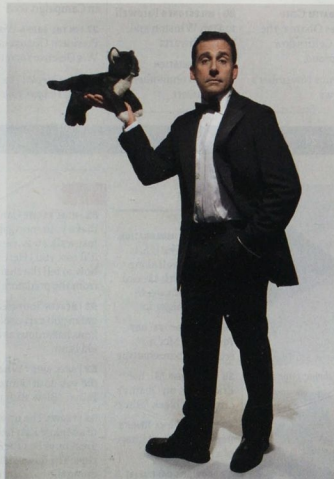
Carrie Coward Bucher, TONGANOXIE, KANS.
I make myself uncomfortable minute to minute. [Laughs.] Honestly, I don't necessarily make myself uncomfortable, but I do enjoy that vein of comedy. I like it when things are pushed just a little too far.

How is your character from *The Office*, Michael Scott, different from Ricky Gervais' David Brent [in the original U.K. version]?

Adrian Kung, PASADENA, CALIF.
I didn't watch too much David Brent because I didn't want to be inclined to do an impersonation of Ricky Gervais. But I can tell you how they are alike better than how they are different: they both don't have a great deal of self-awareness and go through life with a bit of an emotional blind spot.

Are any of Michael Scott's quirks inspired by your own?

Chris Cox, RESTON, VA.



I'm sure there are elements of Michael Scott that are a part of me. I would rather not know exactly what they are. One thing people often say is that if you don't know a Michael Scott, then you are Michael Scott. Food for thought.

If you didn't pursue acting, what would you be doing?

Andre Rosario, EGGHARBOR, N.J.
I would teach history and coach a couple of sports.

I think that would make me very, very happy. That's always been my backup plan.

Are you ever intimidated by the performance level that is expected of you?

Ryan Timothy, PHOENIX
Not until that question. I didn't realize that there was a performance level expected of me until right this instant. So, yes, from here on out, I'm a bit petrified. I will now become a teacher for sure.

Does your wife [actress Nancy Walls] think you're funny?

Jonathan Butler, GREENSBORO, KANS.
She does. I get her sense of humor, I think, better than anybody else, and she gets mine better than anybody else. She is the smartest, funniest person I've ever met. I always look to her as a barometer of whether it's good or not.

Do you support Barack Obama or John McCain?

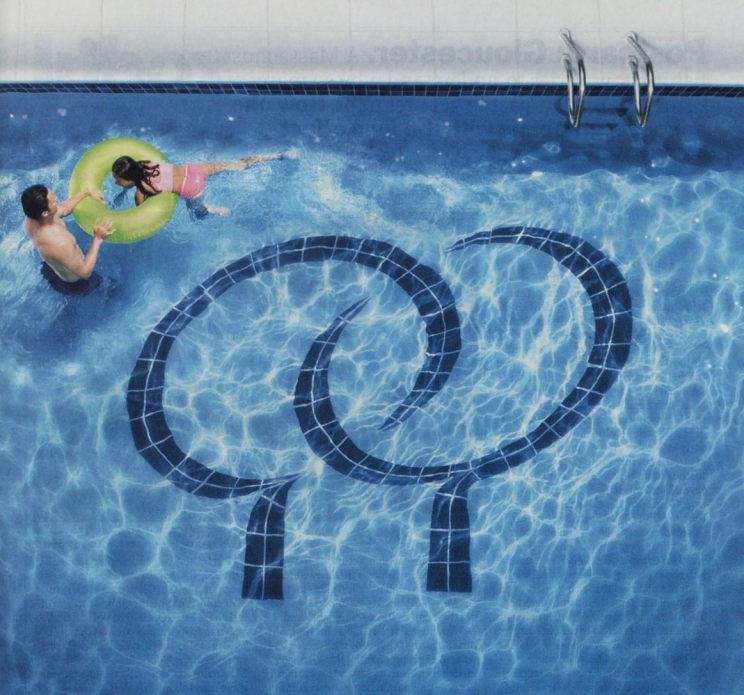
Rodrigo Carlón, MADRID
I'll be voting for Ron Paul, come hell or high water. [Laughs.] Not really. I stay clear of declaring my political choices. I feel like my voice is no more valuable, no less valuable than anyone else's.

Given your success with comedic roles, what drives you to do more serious characters? Is this to avoid being typecast?

Kevin DeLury, SAN FRANCISCO
I try not to do things based on how I think they will make people perceive me. I don't want to be too precious about any specific role; I just want to have fun. Otherwise, what's the point?

Would you ever get your body hair waxed again for a role?

Terry O'wings, AUCKLAND
That, I would have to give serious thought to. Having that done for *40-Year-Old Virgin* was one of the most painful things I've ever experienced. I tend not to get roles that call for me walking around bare-chested, so I doubt that that will be demanded. But, I suppose, anything for the art. ■



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Postcard: Gloucester. A Massachusetts fishing town tries to understand why so many of its teenagers made a pact to get pregnant. How one school is grappling with the *Juno* effect

BY KATHLEEN KINGSBURY

Global Dispatch
For a new postcard from around the world every day, visit time.com

AS SUMMER VACATION BEGINS, 17 girls at Gloucester High School are expecting babies—more than four times the number of pregnancies the 1,200-student school had last year. Some adults dismissed the statistic as a blip. Others blamed hit movies like *Juno* and *Knocked Up* for glamorizing young unwed mothers. But principal Joseph Sullivan knows at least part of the reason there's been such a spike in teen pregnancies in this Massachusetts fishing town. School officials started looking into the matter as early as October after an unusual number of girls began filing into the school clinic to find out if they were pregnant. By May, several students had returned multiple times to get pregnancy tests, and on hearing the results, "some girls seemed more upset when they weren't pregnant than when they were," Sullivan says. All it took was a few simple questions before nearly half the expecting students, none older than 16, confessed to making a pact to get pregnant and raise their babies together. Then the story got worse. "We found out one of the fathers is a 24-year-old homeless guy," the principal says, shaking his head.

The question of what to do next has divided this fiercely Catholic enclave. Even with national data showing a 3% rise in teen pregnancies in 2006—the first increase in 15 years—Gloucester isn't sure it wants to provide easier access to birth control. In any case, many residents worry that the problem goes much deeper. The past decade has been difficult for this mostly white, mostly blue-collar city (pop. 30,000). In Gloucester, perched on scenic Cape Ann, the economy has always depended on a strong fishing industry. But in recent years, such jobs have all but disappeared overseas, and with them much of the community's wherewithal. "Families are broken," says school superintendent Christopher Farmer. "Many of our young people are growing up directionless."

The girls who made the pregnancy



Student aid The public high school in Gloucester, Mass., offers free on-site day care to student moms

pact—some of whom, according to Sullivan, reacted to the news that they were expecting with high fives and plans for baby showers—declined to be interviewed. So did their parents. But Amanda Ireland, who graduated from Gloucester High on June 8, thinks she knows why these girls wanted to get pregnant. Ireland, 18, gave birth her freshman year and says some of her now pregnant schoolmates regularly approached her in the hall, remarking

how lucky she was to have a baby. "They're so excited to finally have someone to love them unconditionally," Ireland says. "I try to explain it's hard to feel loved when an infant is screaming to be fed at 3 a.m."

The high school has done perhaps too good a job of embracing young mothers. Sex-ed classes end freshman year at Gloucester, where teen parents are encouraged to take their children to a free on-site day-care center. Strollers mingle seamlessly in school hallways among cheerleaders and junior ROTC. "We're proud to help the mothers stay in school," says Sue Todd, CEO of Pathways for Children, which runs the day-care center.

But by May, after nurse practitioner Kim Daly had administered some 150 pregnancy tests at Gloucester High's student clinic, she and the clinic's medical director, Dr. Brian Orr, a local pediatrician, began to advocate prescribing contraceptives regardless of parental consent, a practice at about 15 public high schools in Massachusetts. Currently Gloucester teens must travel about 20 miles (30 km) to reach the nearest women's health clinic; younger girls have to get a ride or take the train and walk. But the notion of a school handing out birth control pills has met with hostility. Says Mayor Carolyn Kirk: "Dr. Orr and Ms. Daly have no right to decide this for our children." The pair resigned in protest on May 30.

Gloucester's elected school committee plans to vote later this summer on whether to provide contraceptives. But that won't do much to solve the issue of teens wanting to get pregnant. Says rising junior Kacia Lowe, who is a classmate of the pactmakers: "No one's offered them a better option." And better options may be a tall order in a city so uncertain of its future. —WITH REPORTING BY KIMBERLEY MCLEOD/NEW YORK



Inbox



America's Medicated Warriors

I FEAR THE FATE OF THESE BRAVE SOLDIERS 20 years from now [June 16]. In 2002 my brother Bill, a combat infantryman decorated with three Bronze Stars, took his life on the 34th anniversary of his return home from Vietnam. He was proud of his service but said that in order to survive, he saw and did awful things he could never talk about. I don't know what the answer is, but posttraumatic stress disorder and depression have to be treated with more than a Band-Aid like Prozac. The Department of Veterans Affairs needs every dollar it gets to care for these brave warriors, and the public needs to know this will have to continue for years to come.

RoseAnn Hassiepen-Hatfield
WHEATON, ILL.

I BELIEVE THAT RATHER THAN MERELY offering drugs to our troops, we can give them the counseling they need via teleconferencing and even remote video conversations. The phone and Internet are terrific inventions. Let's put them to better use to support those who protect us all, at great personal cost.

Carolyn Reyno, SPRINGFIELD, VA.

THE MILITARY NEEDS TO ARRIVE AT A CONSENSUS concerning proper mental-health care for troops. When I received a diagnosis of a mental illness in 2003 prior to an impending deployment, my military

psychiatrist advocated for me. Despite my suggesting an alternative assignment to honor the terms of my contract, he recommended a medical discharge, giving me the opportunity to recover and develop the coping skills necessary to live a successful life. Not all military officers are so empathic. Had I been forced to deploy at that time, I know the stresses of being in a war zone would have exacerbated my symptoms, compromising the mission or, worse yet, my own life.

Anne Breitengross, VANCOUVER, WASH.

ONE IDEA: SCRAP "DON'T ASK, DON'T TELL." The estimated 65,000 gays and lesbians wearing the nation's uniform are not able to confide in doctors, psychologists and other counselors without fear of dismissal—a wasteful impediment to achieving full mental health. Meanwhile, the loss of 12,000 competent gays and lesbians has needlessly lengthened the tours of duty of the rest of the force.

Nathaniel Frank, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Feminists for Hillary?

I AM A DIE-HARD FEMINIST. IF I READ OR hear one more story about why some women did not vote for Hillary Clinton, I will scream [June 16]. A reason largely ignored by the media is that we did not think she was the best candidate. It had nothing to do with ovaries or high heels.

Lauren F. Cardillo, ALEXANDRIA, VA.

'To drug GIs while in a combat zone is truly immoral, when downtime and reassurance are what they need most.'

Tony Gallo, RESTON, VA.

A depressing state The plan to medicate stressed-out troops troubled many readers



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SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

■ TIME's June 16 story "Who Will Rule the New Internet?" incorrectly referred to F8 as the name of the Facebook platform. It is the name of the developers' conference.

ACCORDING TO AMY SULLIVAN, PESSIMISTIC women have the "belief" that they still face persistent sexism and barriers in the workplace. This isn't a belief; it is a fact. Just check the stats. I write this as a 70-year-old who has fought for women's rights since the day I was thrown out of a public university class for wearing pants on a cold, rainy day. We had to fight for everything. Younger women will too.

Linda Crouse, BEN LOMOND, CALIF.

Israel's Rising Star

IN HIS OTHERWISE GOOD REPORT ON Israeli leader Tzipi Livni, Tim McGirk states, "She broke with her parents' Zionist views; friends say she'd rather have a peaceful Israel to bequeath to her children" [June 16]. I didn't realize that for Israelis, having nationalistic feelings and a desire to live in peace are mutually exclusive.

Robert Isler, FAIR LAWN, N.J.

Huddled Masses

LIKE SO MANY ARTICLES CONCERNING illegal immigrants, your Postcard about the crackdown in Iowa focuses on the compelling reasons for understanding and accommodating those who naturally want to make a "better life," even if doing so means breaking the law [June 16]. But a nation must decide what policy best serves the long-term interests of all concerned. We are currently swamping the labor markets of the working poor, minorities, the unskilled and legal immigrants with millions of illegal workers who want to make a better life. Legal Americans deserve our compassion as well.

Matthew Bracken, ORANGE PARK, FLA.

1-2

3-4

5-6

7-8

9-0

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Briefing

THE WORLD VERBATIM THE PAGE HISTORY

POP CHART MILESTONES

THE MOMENT: CALIFORNIA



Not Separate, Just Equal. What California's same-sex unions reveal about marriage

THOSE JOYOUS IMAGES OF June 16, as crowds of couples entered into the first legal same-sex marriages in California, showed us the simple dignity that accrues from equality. No matter that activists had carefully orchestrated many of the photo ops. Marriage equality took too many years, and California voters could still snatch it back in an initiative this fall. For now, America is a nation where all couples, gay and straight, can wed, even if the gay ones have to make a trip to California to do so. (Or move to Massachusetts.)

For all the champagne and finery and tears, weddings ennoble a basic human necessity: the need for stability in our personal lives. Conservatives typically exaggerate the benefits of marriage; studies show that those who marry do not turn out to be happier, in the long run, than when they were single—and can feel much worse if they are divorced or widowed.

But marriage does have one great advantage that explains why most men—despite evolutionary impulses toward multiple sex partners—get hitched:

according to the National Sex Survey, married people have better sex lives. Marriage creates solidity and predictability around sex, and for all the excitement of the unknown, most of us (Eliot Spitzer notwithstanding) are happier with a single sex partner.

Now America is a nation where all couples, gay and straight, can wed

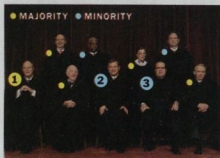
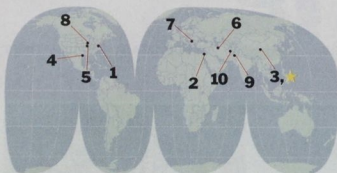
Which raises a delicate question: Will gay men be happy in conventional, monogamous marriages? Or will gay marriage look different? Research has found that gay and lesbian couples have many

strengths: they divide housework more equitably than straight couples, and they are less belligerent in arguments. But gay men are also less likely to be monogamous, and it's not clear that legal marriage will change that. Even AIDS did not; according to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, HIV cases among gays have increased in recent years even as transmission among nongays has decreased.

Opponents of same-sex unions used some of these points to justify marriage inequality. They were wrong. But now a great sociological experiment begins: Will marriage change gay people or will gay people change marriage? —BY JOHN CLOUD ■

The World

10 ESSENTIAL STORIES



Standing, from left: Justices Stephen Breyer, Clarence Thomas, Ruth Bader Ginsburg and Samuel Alito. Seated, from left: Justices Anthony Kennedy and John Paul Stevens, Chief Justice John Roberts Jr. and Justices Antonin Scalia and David Souter

1 | Washington

Court Backs Gitmo Detainees

In a rebuke of the Bush Administration, the Supreme Court ruled that foreign terrorism suspects held at Guantánamo Bay have the right to challenge their detention without charges in federal district courts. The 5-4 decision marked the fourth time the court has ruled against Administration attempts to create a separate legal framework for holding and prosecuting Gitmo detainees but prompted Justice Antonin Scalia to warn in a scathing dissent that the nation "will live to regret what the Court has done today."

1 MAJORITY Justice Anthony Kennedy

"To hold that the political branches may switch the Constitution on or off at will ... [would lead] to a regime in which they, not this court, say 'what the law is.'"

2 MINORITY Chief Justice John Roberts

"Today the court strikes down as inadequate the most generous set of procedural protections ever afforded aliens detained by this country as enemy combatants."

3 MINORITY Justice Antonin Scalia

"[The ruling] will almost certainly cause more Americans to be killed."



2 | Israel

PEACE, THIS TIME Following months of mediated negotiations, Israel and Palestinian militant group Hamas declared a June 19 cease-fire, agreeing to end hostilities and discuss issues such as the reopening of Gaza's border crossings and the return of Israeli prisoner Gilad Shalit. Officials are optimistic, but amid memories of the failed 2006 cease-fire and last-minute attacks from both sides, including an Israeli air strike in Khan Yunis, above, extensive efforts will be required to maintain the peace.



Chinese and Taiwanese representatives shake hands in Beijing on June 12

3 | China

Airplane Diplomacy

In their first formal discussions since 1999, China and Taiwan agreed to allow charter flights across the Taiwan strait, starting July 4. While travelers will still have to pass through Hong Kong, the pact is a sign of how relations have thawed in the month since Taiwan's new President, Ma Ying-jeou, took office.

4 | Texas

A Pay-Per-View Internet?

Time Warner Cable is testing a program to meter Internet use in the city of Beaumont, in which users subscribe to monthly contracts similar to those for cell phones, but with gigabytes measured instead of minutes. Rivals AT&T and Comcast have similar plans. Critics say the policy will hurt content providers, especially high-bandwidth-video sites.

Numbers:

48%

Percentage increase in U.S. home foreclosure filings in May 2008, compared with May 2007

110

Rise in pro golfer Rocco Mediate's PGA ranking, from No. 157 to No. 47, after his loss to Tiger Woods by one stroke at the U.S. Open

U.S. BEER MARKET, BY BREWER

48.2% Anheuser-Busch

38.4% Miller

11.1% Coors

5.4% Crown

4.1% Heineken

12.8% Other

5 | St. Louis

This Bud's For Belgium

Anheuser-Busch is exploring a merger with the maker of Corona to thwart a \$46 billion takeover bid from Belgian rival InBev, maker of Stella Artois. Should InBev gain control of the iconic brewery, which accounts for nearly half of U.S. beer sales, it will have cornered a quarter of the world's beer market.



8 | Iowa

CASH CRUNCH The American Red Cross announced on June 16 that it has emptied its disaster-relief fund. Six weeks of flooding and tornadoes, combined with fewer donations during a weak economy, have forced it to take out loans to fund shelters, above, and other aid activities.

6 | Tehran

Remaining Defiant

Iran has vowed to continue uranium enrichment, dismissing Western entreaties and ignoring both Britain's announcement that it would freeze the overseas assets of Iran's largest bank and its threat of sanctions on oil and gas. Other E.U. nations postponed stronger measures, pending a response from Tehran.

7 | Kosovo

New Charter, Old Problems

Kosovo's new constitution came into force on June 15, four months after the former Serbian province declared its independence. But Kosovo's path to autonomous statehood remains rocky. While some 40 countries have recognized Kosovo's secession, Serbia and ally Russia oppose its sovereignty, which they view as a violation of international law. Observers warn that the charter could also inflame simmering tensions between Kosovo's ethnic Albanian majority and its resident Serbs.

9 | Pakistan

Black-Market Bombs

Abdul Qadeer Khan, the founder of Pakistan's nuclear weapons program, may have sold plans for a nuclear device to Iran and other countries, according to a former U.N. arms inspector—an allegation Khan claims is a “pack of lies.”

ON THE TRAIL OF A.Q. KHAN

- 1976 A.Q. Khan launches Pakistan's nuclear weapons program
- 1987 Khan allegedly sells nuclear technology to Iran
- 1998 Pakistan detonates its first nuclear devices
- 2003 Libya admits it bought nuclear technology from Khan's network
- 2003 Khan's black-market operation broken up by CIA
- 2004 Khan confesses to sharing nuclear technology but later backtracks
- 2008 Khan's computer files reveal nuclear bomb blueprints



10 | Afghanistan

Return of the Taliban

On June 18, NATO and Afghan forces launched an offensive against Taliban militants gathered outside the southern city of Kandahar. The attacks, which killed at least 20, targeted insurgent-occupied villages in the Argandab district, a strategic way station to Kandahar, where they had massed following a daring June 13 prison break that sprang some 400 members of the militant group. Authorities say a recent spike in violence suggests the insurgency, which at times seemed dormant, now poses a grave threat to Afghan security.

What They're

Reading in China



Since Chinese Premier Wen Jiabao claimed last November to have read Marcus Aurelius' *Meditations* nearly 100 times, the Roman Emperor's 1,800-year-old treatise on Stoic philosophy has become a hit in China, reaching

No. 5 on China Book International's best-seller list. A tome extolling the importance of virtue may seem an unlikely must-read amid the country's go-go economic boom, but it suggests many are looking for deeper meaning in their lives—and getting frustrated with China's wide wealth gap.

\$10,000

Average amount stolen in 2008 in U.S. bank robberies, which are on track to surpass their 10% rise in 2006

12¢

Price of a gallon of gas in Venezuela—the cheapest in the world. The East African nation of Eritrea is home to the most expensive; gas there costs \$9.58 per gallon



For daily sound bites,
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Verbatim

'We are not going to give up our country for a mere X on a ballot. How can a ballpoint pen fight with a gun?'

ROBERT MUGABE, President of Zimbabwe, refusing to cede power to opponent Morgan Tsvangirai regardless of the results of a June 27 runoff election

'Take it from me, elections matter.'

AL GORE, 2000 Democratic presidential candidate, endorsing Democratic presidential nominee Barack Obama at a Detroit rally

'Our goal is to bring back stability to the oil market.'

IBRAHIM AL-MUHANNA, adviser at the Petroleum Ministry of Saudi Arabia, after officials announced plans to increase output to a record 10 million bbl. a day

'Weapons will be in the hands of this group exclusively and will be directed only at the occupier.'

MUQTADA AL-SADR, Iraqi Shi'ite cleric, establishing a new force of Mahdi Army fighters to battle U.S.-led troops in Iraq

'There's a reason why people like her. It's because she doesn't, sort of, you know, fuel the fire.'

MICHELLE OBAMA, wife of Barack Obama, appearing on ABC's *The View*, saying she was "taking some cues" from First Lady Laura Bush

'To me, it's a technical change.'

RON PAUL, Texas Congressman, on the formal end of his presidential bid and his new campaign to elect more libertarian-leaning Republicans to public office

'I hope we made you proud.'

KEVIN GARNETT, Boston Celtics forward, to Celtics legend Bill Russell, after the team beat the Los Angeles Lakers, 131-92—the widest margin in NBA finals history—to claim its first championship since 1986




Back & Forth Torpedoing E.U. Reform

On June 13, Irish voters narrowly rejected the E.U.'s Lisbon Reform Treaty, which seeks to streamline the bloc's bureaucracy to cope with its continued growth. All 27 E.U. states must ratify the measure for it to pass


JUNE 13

'There was no money for Ireland in voting "yes."'

Michael Marsh, professor of political science at Dublin's Trinity College, referring to the \$50 billion the country received during its first two decades with the E.U. 


JUNE 13

'This is a resounding victory on behalf of ordinary people across Europe over an out-of-touch and arrogant political élite.'

Neil O'Brien, director of Open Europe, a British group that opposes E.U. expansion 


JUNE 13

'The "no" vote in Ireland has not solved the problems which the Lisbon treaty is designed to solve.'

Jose Manuel Barroso, European Commission president, urging the remaining nine E.U. states to ratify the treaty 


JUNE 16

'It would be risky to say we are going to bring the treaty back to life when we are facing a blockade.'

Dimitrij Rupel, Slovenian Foreign Minister, noting the psychological implications of the stalled treaty for European cohesion 

JUNE 16

'There are no quick-fix solutions.'

Michael Martin, Irish Foreign Minister, on the difficulty of resolving the impasse 

JUNE 17

'Europe didn't come to a halt on 13 June.'

Jean-Pierre Jouyet, French Europe Minister, saying the E.U. should not draft a new version to appease Ireland

BY MARK HALPERIN

CAMPAIGN SCORECARD

ROUNDS	1	2	3	4
ISSUE	Party Unity	Grabbing the Spotlight	Guilt by Association	Public Misstatements
ACTION	 <p>Many who supported Hillary Clinton—except for a few holdouts—have switched their allegiance to Barack Obama, and the candidate is using his vast war chest to bulk up his already huge staff. Meanwhile, John McCain still lags in support from the donors and religious conservative leaders who helped George W. Bush. But he did get his daughter Meghan to register as a Republican.</p>	<p>Taking frequent days off from the stump hasn't helped McCain, but there's a bigger problem: the media continue to find Obama a more compelling story, with daily features, blanket coverage and long profiles. McCain was once a media darling too, but his strategists haven't yet figured out how to leverage their assets to get increased and better coverage.</p> 	 <p>Who will end the madness? Obama's side jumped on McCain for the past conduct of his biggest fund raisers, including a Texas oilman who once compared rape to inclement weather. Republicans hit Obama over the financial ties of a businessman vetting his potential running mates. Both sides decried the attacks on their allies but showed little interest in a truce.</p>	<p>Another battle calling out for a peace agreement. In minor flubs, McCain seemed to minimize the importance of withdrawing U.S. troops from Iraq, while some interpreted a comment from Obama as endorsing high gas prices. Neither campaign has held back from pouncing on and exploiting these petty gaffes.</p> 

RESULTS

REPUBLICANS				
DEMOCRATS	✓	✓		
TIE			X	X

WINNER OF THE WEEK: **DEMOCRATS**

Polls show Obama emerging from his nomination battle in good shape, even if he's only slightly ahead of McCain. Obama's campaign—like most voters—expects a Democratic win, while the GOP remains worried about its chances.



★★★ NOT ALL ROUNDS ARE CREATED EQUAL ★★★

The week's winner is based on the relative importance of each fight and by how much the winner takes each round.

WEEK BY WEEK

WEEK BY WEEK										TOTAL WEEKS WON
	JUNE	JULY	AUG.	SEPT.	OCT.					
REPUBLICANS										0
DEMOCRATS										3

Evaluating the Undercards. A cheat sheet for November's other electoral fights

With its larger-than-life characters, unpredictable twists and big stakes, you can bet the gas money that the presidential race will get the lion's share of media coverage from now until the fall. But there's a lot more up for grabs in several state and local ballots this year. Some highlights:

SENATE: With 35 seats at stake, including five held by retiring Republicans, Democrats are looking to expand their narrow majority by as many as seven seats. Supercompetitive contests include races in Colorado, Minnesota and New Hampshire.

HOUSE: All 435 seats are up for election, with more GOP retirements. Democrats are expected to have an edge in campaign spending this year. They also have on their side the unpopularity of the President and the Iraq war, along with a likely Obama-inspired surge of African-American and youth voting.

GOVERNORS: States picking chief executives include Washington, Missouri and North Carolina. With the economy in a downturn and voters hungry for change, it could be a tough year for incumbents looking to hold on to their jobs.

BALLOT MEASURES: As always, voters will be asked to govern themselves on a range of initiatives, from gay marriage in California to casino limits in Missouri and the legalization of medicinal marijuana in Michigan.

A Brief History Of:

Summer Vacation



THIS MONTH MILLIONS OF AMERICAN KIDS FLEE THE tyranny of the classroom bell for lifeguard stands, grandparents' homes and sleepaway camps. But summer vacation hasn't always been a birthright of U.S. schoolchildren. In the decades before the Civil War, schools operated on one of two calendars, neither of which included a summer hiatus. Rural schooling was divided into summer and winter terms, leaving kids free to pitch in with the spring planting and fall harvest seasons. Urban students, meanwhile, regularly endured as many as 48 weeks of study a year, with one break per quarter. (Since education was not compulsory, attendance was often sparse; in Detroit in 1843, for example, only 30% of enrolled students attended year-round.)

In the 1840s, however, educational reformers like Horace Mann moved to merge the two calendars out of concern that rural schooling was insufficient and—invoking then current medical theory—that overstimulating young minds could lead to nervous disorders or insanity. Summer emerged as the obvious time for a break: it offered a respite for teachers, meshed with the agrarian calendar and alleviated physicians' concerns that packing students into sweltering classrooms would promote the spread of disease.

But the modern U.S. school year, which averages 180 days, has its critics too. Some experts say its languorous summer break, which took hold in the early 20th century, is one of the reasons math skills and graduation rates of U.S. high schoolers ranked well below average in two international-education reports issued in 2007. Others insist that with children under mounting pressure to devote their downtime to internships or study, there's still room for an institution that sanctifies the lazy days of childhood. —BY ALEX ALTMAN

Wasted youth? Students cavort in the water and bask in the sun on Arizona's Salt River

SUMMER'S HEATED DEBATE

1837 Horace Mann becomes Massachusetts' first secretary of education



1842 School terms, which include summers,

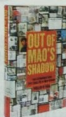
exceed 240 days in some cities. Urban calendars soon shrink as rural ones increase dramatically

1906 First official study documents the "summer setback"—a long vacation's alleged effect on learning

2007 At an average of 180 days, the U.S. public-school calendar is dwarfed by those of South Korea and Japan, where students attend class for 220 and 243 days a year, respectively



THE SKIMMER



Out of Mao's Shadow

By Philip P. Pan
Simon & Schuster; 349 pages

CHINA'S PAST 25 YEARS "have been the best in its 5,000-year history," writes Philip Pan in *Out of Mao's Shadow*, but it's a schizophrenic sort of success: the country's new prosperity and global clout have gone hand in hand with graft and repression. Pan, a *Washington Post* correspondent, argues that China's current woes reflect a desire by the Communist Party and ordinary Chinese to forget the lessons of its tragic recent past. Traumas like Mao Zedong's Cultural Revolution left many cynical, disillusioned and willing to exchange freedom for stability and growth.

Pan makes his case through engaging portraits of those who have refused to forget—from causes célèbres like blind legal activist Chen Guangcheng to the villagers and workers who have demanded change in the face of corruption and brutality. As with its past, Pan writes, the Communist Party is still "winning the battle for the nation's future." But his book is a reminder that even in a nation of 1.3 billion people, individuals can make a difference—and that China still has plenty of heroes left.

—BY TIM MORRISON

READ

SKIM

TOSS

Pop Chart



SNOOP DOGG releases country music song titled *My Medicine*. Sipping on moonshine and juice?



ROSS PEROT launches website about the U.S. economy



LEONA HELMSLEY'S DOG to lose \$10 million. Still richer than your dog



NASA to unveil new space suits. Adult diapers do not come standard



CINDY MCCAIN rips off another recipe



JOAN RIVERS kicked off British daytime talk show for swearing



SOUL TRAIN to return to TV screens. Gentlemen, start your bell-bottoms



KANYE WEST doesn't take Bonnaroo stage until 4:25 a.m., irking punctual hippies

MIKE HUCKABEE joins Fox News



SHOCKING



Pudgy guy named **ROCCO** almost beats Tiger Woods!



KATHERINE HEIGL opts out of Emmy consideration, citing injury from dismounting high horse



GRAND THEFT AUTO IV fails to boost console sales. Carjackings doing just fine, though



MADONNA'S BROTHER writes unauthorized memoir. Because we know so few of her secrets



THE VATICAN bans *DA VINCI CODE* prequel from filming in Rome churches



Shiny, happy objects! **MICHAEL STIPE** to exhibit bronze art in New York City



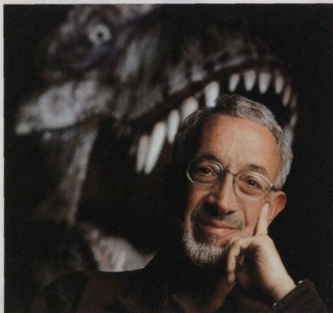
OPRAH gives Stanford commencement speech: "I like money."



TIGER WOODS beats pudgy guy named Rocco

SHOCKINGLY PREDICTABLE

Milestones



Stan Winston

WHEN A PRIME MOVIE monster—the *T. rex* from *Jurassic Park* or the big angry mama in *Aliens* or the Schwarzeneggerian exoskeletons in the *Terminator* movies—pops onto screen, a kid's first

thrilled reaction may be, "Where did that come from?"

All these creatures and many other spectacular cinematic beasts sprang from the fertile mind and animating fingers of Stan Winston, dead at 62 after a long

bout with multiple myeloma.

A master of the old-fashioned technique of special-effects makeup—in which spirit gum, plaster casts and armor work, not computer fiddling, do the trick—Winston wanted more than audiences' screams. Often he earned their sympathy, as in the baleful, soulful face and kitchen-cutlery fingers of Edward Scissorhands and the mandroid smoothness of the robo-gigolo in *A.I.: Artificial Intelligence*. "I don't do special effects," Winston said. "I do characters."

He made artful alliances with directors of equally robust creativity: Tim Burton, Steven Spielberg and James Cameron (with whom he was working on next year's *Avatar*). Winston's last handmade triumph was the metal suit that industrialist Tony Stark forges in *Iron Man*. The hard work and ingenuity Stark lavishes on his titanium tuxedo were worthy of Stan the Man himself.

—BY RICHARD CORLISS



Tony Schwartz

A LITTLE GIRL TUGS PETALS from a daisy, counting them in the meandering, unordered way of a child just learning—until she is drowned out by a louder count, one that culminates in a mushroom cloud. Then Lyndon Johnson's voice: "We must either love each other, or we must die."

The famous "daisy" campaign ad—the brainchild of media consultant Tony

Schwartz, who died June 15 at age 84—was shown just once, on Sept. 7, 1964. But its cultural shock waves persist. "There hadn't been an effective ad of that sort in the history of the presidency," says Kathleen Hall Jamieson, former dean of the Annenberg School for Communication at the University of Pennsylvania. "[It] works because the audience fills in the meaning." And it worked for Johnson, who took 61% of the popular vote in a land-

slide win over Barry Goldwater.

Yet for Schwartz, also a creator of the original antimoking campaigns, it is too brief a summary of his life's work. He made time for important causes, balancing blockbuster campaigns for Coca-Cola with public-service ads for AIDS awareness and fire safety. Finally, he was a skilled audio engineer whose diverse recordings are now in the Library of Congress. He displayed an unparalleled

ability to home in on the sounds that best tell a story. As his son Anton remembers, "He was fond of saying that people who work in radio have the great fortune that humans do not have earlids." —BY TIFFANY SHARPLES



DIED With his round face, friendly eyes and messages about friendship, Thomas the Tank Engine quickly became a children's favorite when he debuted on British television in 1984. A creator of the original program, *Thomas the Tank Engine and Friends*, David Mitton wrote or directed 180 episodes and saw the show expand to the U.S., where Ringo Starr (and later, George Carlin) starred as Mr. Conductor. Mitton also worked on the popular series *Thunderbirds* and started his own children's-television production company. Ever devoted to his craft, Mitton was developing another project, a kids' series called *Adventures on Orsum Island*, during his final days. He was 69.

■ For a time, General Motors heir **Stewart Mott** drove a Volkswagen. A self-described "avant-garde philanthropist," Mott lived briefly on a Chinese junk, publicized his sexual conquests and cultivated a farm—replete with compost pile and chicken coop—atop his Manhattan penthouse. Yet these eccentricities didn't obscure his lavish contributions to a range of progressive causes, including abortion rights, arms control and the presidential bids of Senators Eugene McCarthy and George McGovern. He was 70.

■ In the golden age of the Hollywood musical, actress and dancer **Cyd Charisse** shimmered. The Texas native had a series of small roles until she wowed audiences with her lithe yet sultry performance alongside Gene Kelly in 1952's *Singin' in the Rain*. Known for her never-ending legs, Charisse soon became a sought-after partner, often paired with Kelly or Fred Astaire, captivating audiences in musicals including *Brigadoon* and *The Band Wagon*, in which she had her first starring role. She was 86.





APPRECIATION

The People's Voice.

A journalism icon, Tim Russert never forgot where he came from

BY JOE KLEIN

BACK WHEN HE WAS just starting in television—and ever since, but particularly back then—Tim Russert was astounded by the joys of the job. Early on, he helped arrange an interview with the Pope for the *Today* show—and Tim did it up right: he took along red NBC News baseball caps for the Cardinals and a white one for the Holy Father. “He put it on!” Tim told me when he came home. “We have pictures!” Then he said, more quietly, “But, you know, it was really something being in his presence. You felt something holy. It was almost as if the air was different.” And that was Tim—exuberant, irreverent, brilliant and devout, a thrilling jolt of humanity. We were friends for 30 years. We closed a few bars together in the early years, before his wife Maureen shaped him up; we talked politics incessantly; we shared summer rentals; we watched

our kids, especially Luke and Sophie, who were born a few months apart, grow up and go to Jesuit colleges (Tim got a kick out of the fact that Sophie, a *Jesuit*, aced New Testament at Fordham); and, a final happiness for Tim, we saw them graduate.

Tim did me a lifetime favor by introducing me to his boss, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, in 1978. Moynihan became a mentor and inspiration to me and gave me a graduate education in all things New York. Tim’s favorite Moynihan story was about the time he had to pick up Pat at the Pierre Hotel in New York City to take him to a dinner. Tim arrived at the hotel and heard the distinctive laugh, “Ah-ah-ah-AH!” from inside the room. “Ah-ah-ah-AH!” Just peals of laughter. Tim paused a minute, uncertain about bothering the boss. “Ah-ah-ah-AH-AH!” Finally, he

knocked. “Moyns came to the door in his underwear,” Tim recalled. “He’d been watching *The Honeymooners*.”

It was appropriate that Russert found his way to Moynihan, who in his classic work with Nathan Glazer, *Beyond the Melting Pot*, offered the theory that ethnicity, more than class, was the key social-organizing principle in American cities. Tim was proudly, indelibly Irish—not only in his early beer-drinking years but also in his more Jesuitical incarnation as the host of *Meet the Press*, when he refused to socialize on Saturday nights. “He’s become a monk,” Maureen would say. And yet, even at the top of his profession, he never lost track of his roots—in part because he never lost track of his dad, Big Russ, a Buffalo, N.Y., sanitation worker, who survives him. Tim would review his Sunday questions with Big Russ in mind, always asking himself, What would Dad want to know? About 10 years ago, he decided to buy his father a car. “Buy anything you want, Dad,” Tim offered. Big Russ picked a Ford. “So I said to him, ‘Dad, you can get a Mercedes—anything you want,’” Tim told me later. “But he says, ‘No, Timmy, I want a Crown Vic. That’s what the cops drive.’”

Every four years through the ‘80s and ‘90s, Tim and I would go out and watch the politicians work on the weekend before the New Hampshire primary. Our most memorable excursion was in 1992, when we saw Paul Tsongas selling his chilly fiscal discipline and then watched Bill Clinton work a nursing home. A woman started to ask Clinton about the high price of prescription drugs, then dissolved in tears, unable to finish. Clinton immediately went to the woman, dropped to his knees and

hugged her; he held her tight for what seemed a long time. It was a reflexive reaction and fairly shocking—neither of us were yet aware of Clinton’s rampaging empathy—and very moving. Tim and I looked at each other, and we both had tears in our eyes. “I don’t think we’ll ever see Tsongas do that,” he said.

Tim was boggled by Clinton, impressed and appalled by him. The only real differences we had in 30 years of friendship were over his treatment of both Clintons, which I thought was occasionally too sharp—and had its roots, I believed, in the strict lessons about sex and probity he’d learned from the nuns (which he often joked about). Our last conversation, sadly, was an argument over that.

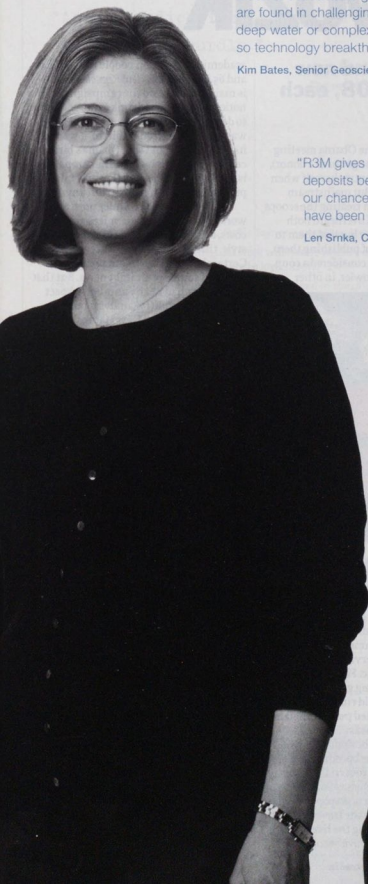
The last time I saw him on television was the night that Barack Obama clinched the nomination—and Tim was, appropriately, telling a Big Russ story, about his dad nailing a John F. Kennedy sign onto the side of the house in 1960. Tim asked, “Why are we for Kennedy?” And my dad said, “Because he’s one of us.” And that’s the big question Barack Obama is facing,” he concluded. “Will Americans accept him as ‘one of us’?” I remember thinking, Ah, Tim. We’re getting old. Maybe Big Russ and my parents—and you and I—wonder if someone named Barack Obama is “one of us,” but not our kids. I figured I’d mention it to him next time we talked. Now there won’t be a next time. I can’t get my head around that yet, except—it’s so, so sad. He was loving this election, as much as any we’d covered. I just can’t believe he won’t be around to find out how it ends. My love to Maureen and Luke, Big Russ and Tim’s sisters. And Tim, if they’re pouring up there, save a stool for me. ■

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Kim Bates, Senior Geoscientist

"R3M gives us a new view of oil and gas deposits below the seafloor, increasing our chances to find reserves that may have been overlooked."

Len Srnka, Chief Research Geoscientist





James

Poniewozik

The Beltway-Blog Battle. As old and new media square off in Campaign 2008, each one is getting more like the other

WHEN TIM RUSSERT DIED SUDDENLY ON June 13, it was, for the political press (to draw an analogy to his beloved Buffalo Bills), like losing a star quarterback before halftime of the Super Bowl. It's hard to imagine a campaign season without Russert's *Meet the Press* inquisitions or an election night without his whiteboard.

But his loss also came just as journalists are feeling besieged. Their bosses are slashing staffs, their advertisers are drifting away, and their prerogatives are being challenged by bloggers and YouTubers: a diffuse army of the uncredentialed, uninhibited and—most terrifyingly—unpaid. In Russert, the press lost its most authoritative mass-market journalist, just as it is losing its authority and its mass market.

It's too simple to say that the new media are killing off the old media. Interest in political news is sky-high, and new and old media each need the other to supply material and drive attention. What's happening instead is a kind of melding of roles. Old and new media are still symbiotic, but it's getting hard to tell who's the rhino and who's the tickbird.

In their original division of labor, the old media broke news while the blogs dispensed opinion. But look at two of the biggest stories of the Democratic primary: Barack Obama's comments that working-class voters are "bitter" and Bill Clinton's rope-line rant that a reporter who profiled him was a "scumbag." Both were broken by a volunteer for the *Huffington Post* website, Mayhill Fowler.

Traditional reporters were aghast at

Fiascoes like the Iraq-WMD reporting gave many the impression that the old rules mainly protect consultant-cosseted public officials who need protection least

Fowler's methods—the Obama meeting was closed to press (she got in as a donor), and Fowler did not identify herself when speaking to Clinton. But mainstream media had no problem treating the scoops as big news; if she had overheard both quotes in the same way but told them to a newspaper instead of publishing them, that would have been considered a coup.

The case against Fowler, in other



words, was about process and credentials, not content. If sources stop trusting us, reporters asked, how will we do our jobs? But however sneaky her methods, Fowler's stories prove that one reason sites like *Huffington* have an audience is the perception that Establishment journalism has gotten better at serving its powerful sources than its public. Fiascoes like the Iraq-WMD reporting gave many the impression that the old rules mainly protect consultant-cosseted public officials who need protection least.

In other ways, the boundary between new and old media has become porous. Hillary Clinton's controversial reference to Robert F. Kennedy's assassination came in an interview with a newspaper, but it was made news not by the traveling press but by viewers watching the live webcast. The distinctions have become more

academic: if 3 million people read *Drudge* and 65,000 read the *New Republic*, which is mainstream? And the campaigns have noticed. When the Obama camp sought to debunk online rumors (e.g., that he was not a U.S. citizen by birth), it started its own website and sent Obama's birth certificate to *daillykos.com*. The campaign is too savvy to believe that people take the press as the sole arbiter of truth anymore.

And the old media, under pressure to work fast, sharpen their voices and cut costs, are increasingly making news blog-style, through argument and controversy. Certainly, the mainstream press is still the chief source of straight news. But that

hasn't had nearly as much impact as the punditry (analysts burying Clinton before New Hampshire), glib remarks (Fox News calling Michelle Obama Barack's "baby mama") and opinion (Keith Olbermann's tirades against Clinton). The debates drew millions of viewers and reaffirmed TV's reach. But can you remember any substantive questions from them as much as the back-and-forth about "likability"?

Oh, wait: there was one debate question that sparked an ongoing policy discussion (on Obama's willingness to meet with hostile foreign leaders). It was asked at a CNN debate. By a YouTube user.

Russert was one of the last giants of old-school journalism. But it was telling that when he showed his outside influence one last time in this campaign, it was not through an interview but through punditry—when he declared the Democratic race over the night of the Indiana and North Carolina primaries.

It's hard to imagine a future Russert with that kind of singular authority, as the power to set the news agenda moves from insiders to outsiders. But with that change, maybe we'll also stop arbitrarily dividing "real" from "amateur" journalists and simply distinguish good reporting from bad, informed opinion from hot air, information from stenography. Maybe we'll remember this election as the one when we stopped talking about "the old media" and "the new media" and, simply, met the press. ■

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to become a hurdle."

- Jackie Joyner-Kersey
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IMPORTED

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Joe

Klein

In with the Old. Obama says he wants to hire a Team of Rivals for his Cabinet. He should start by keeping Robert Gates

BARACK OBAMA HAS NEVER BEEN SHY about comparing himself to Abraham Lincoln. He did so when he announced his candidacy at the Illinois state capitol, where both he and Lincoln served in the legislature. "The life of a tall, gangly, self-made Springfield lawyer tells us that a different future is possible," Obama said. "He tells us that there is power in words . . . He tells us that there is power in hope." That was, well, audacious, to say the least—and the comparisons have continued, on issues large and small. But the most important similarity, in Obama's mind, is how he plans to govern if elected.

Obama has said he admires Doris Kearns Goodwin's wonderful Lincoln biography, *Team of Rivals*. "He talks about it all the time," says a top aide. He is particularly intrigued by the notion that Lincoln assembled all the Republicans who had run against him for President in his war Cabinet, some of whom disagreed with him vehemently and persistently. "The lesson is to not let your ego or grudges get in the way of hiring absolutely the best people," Obama told me. "I don't think the American people are fundamentally ideological. They're pragmatic . . . and so I have an interest in casting a wide net, seeking out people with a wide range of expertise, including Republicans," for the highest positions in his government.

But what does that mean? It has become something of a tradition for a President to claim bipartisanship by appointing stray members of the opposing

party who either have a similar outlook or are tucked into the most obscure Cabinet positions; even George W. Bush hired Norman Mineta—remember him?—as Secretary of Transportation. Obama seems intent on going beyond that. "I don't want to have people who just agree with me," he said. "I want people who are continually pushing me out of my comfort zone." Obama said he'd be particularly interested in having high-ranking Republicans advising



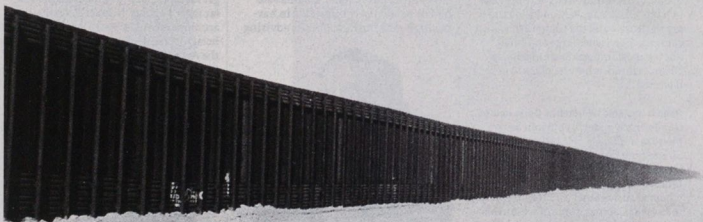
him on defense and national security. "I really admire the way the elder Bush negotiated the end of the cold war—with discipline, tough diplomacy and restraint . . . and I'd be very interested in having those sorts of Republicans in my Administration, especially people who can expedite a responsible and orderly conclusion to the Iraq war—and who know how to keep the hammer down on al-Qaeda."

When I asked him specifically if he would want to retain Robert Gates as Secretary of Defense, Obama said, "I'm not going to let you pin me down . . . but I'd certainly be interested in the sort of people who served in the first Bush Administration." Gates was George H.W. Bush's CIA director—and he has been a superb Secretary of Defense, as good in that post as his predecessor, Donald Rumsfeld, was awful.

No doubt, partisan Democrats who equate bipartisan government with namby-pamby policymaking are horrified by the thought that Republicans might keep control of the Pentagon. But Gates has been neither ideological nor namby-pamby. He has demanded accountability. He fired the Secretary of the Army after the Walter Reed hospital scandal and the Secretary of the Air Force for lax stewardship of the nuclear arsenal. Early on, Gates encouraged the withdrawal of U.S. troops from Iraq; he has been one of the few Bush officials open to negotiations with Iran. He has called for a larger budget for diplomacy—"which makes him far more popular than SecDepts usually are around here," a State Department official told me. He has clearly sided with the Army reformers against the Old Guard, and even called David Petraeus back to Washington to preside over a promotion board when it became clear that Petraeus-style officers—the bold and creative proponents of counterinsurgency strategy—were being blocked. (Petraeus apparently succeeded in getting several of his protégés promoted to general.)

Gates has been cagey about his future. He told CNN he would "never say never," but said staying on in the job was "inconceivable." However, with two wars in progress and the difficulty in getting new Cabinet (and staff) members confirmed quickly, there is a strong desire in the military community for continuity in the civilian leadership of the Pentagon. Associates say Gates might stay if he believed the security of the troops was at stake. The political rationale for a "team of rivals" government is compelling for Obama—it would be the freshest way to turn the page after the ideological myopia of the Bush debacle, a decisive step away from the partisan ugliness Americans claim to hate, the best way to build a decisive governing coalition. There are other worthy Republicans and military officers that Obama might turn to, people like Nebraska Senator Chuck Hagel or retired General James Jones, who would make an excellent National Security Adviser. But it is no small irony that if Obama really wants to make a clean break from his predecessor, he should start by retaining George W. Bush's Secretary of Defense. ■

Gates, not ideological or namby-pamby, has been a superb Secretary of Defense, as good as his predecessor, Donald Rumsfeld, was awful



A New Line In the Sand

In a huge public-works project few Americans will ever see, the U.S. is erecting miles of new fences along much of the Mexican border. Can a barrier stop the tide of illegal aliens?

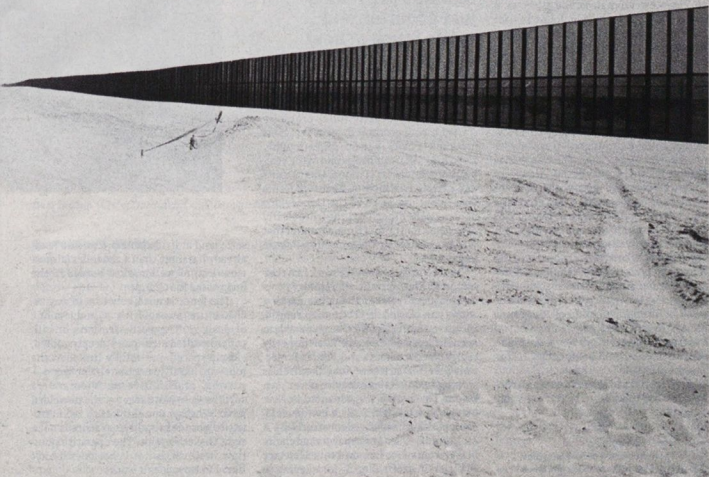
BY DAVID VON DREHLE PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY ANTHONY SUAU

THE SMUGGLER WAS SURPRISED TO SEE US. IT'S HIS business to monitor traffic along his stretch of the border, and he had just watched from his hiding place as a white-and-green patrol truck rolled slowly past on the U.S. side. The day shift was ending for "la migra," the border patrol, so it was time for him to move.

He urged his clients—11 illegal aliens—to get over the fence quickly. Within minutes, all were safely across the border about five miles (8 km) west of Naco, Ariz.—roughly the same spot where Coronado and his conquistadores made the first recorded crossing in 1540. The smuggler was brushing their footprints from the border road when our four-wheel-drive rental appeared unexpectedly over the hill.

He did what smugglers always do when spotted: he bolted. In an instant he was safely back on the other side, leaving his customers to their fate. They followed him, bewildered, only gradually realizing that we were journalists, not federal agents. In this way, we had a chance to see how a group of or-

Build it, and they won't come? The 700-mile (1,125 km) fence is the new front line in the nation's immigration battle



inary Mexicans—one a grandmotherly woman, another a 10-year-old boy—cope with the U.S. government's new \$1 million-per-mile border-security fence.

First they tossed their day packs over the 12-ft. (3.7 m) barrier of steel mesh. They had chosen to cross at a spot where the fence made a small right-angle jog, because there was a supporting post extending about halfway up the angle. This gave them a foothold, and from there, the strongest members of the group boosted the others to the top. It was no easy transit. One young woman froze in fear, a leg on either side of the fence, her face a mask of panic as she looked at the long fall into one country or the other. Her companions quickly and efficiently coaxed her over. Then the little boy—who wore a knockoff New York Yankees cap—went over, dangling by his hands from the top and dropping bravely into waiting arms. The old woman glared at us as a companion pushed her back up the fence she had just come down. Within three or four minutes—minutes freighted with visions of broken bones and heart attacks—all of them were safely back in Mexico. They would surely try again once we were gone.

A Barrier in the Eye of the Beholder

SO THE NEW BORDER FENCE MUST BE A failure, right? If a billion-dollar barrier can't stop children and seniors in broad daylight, what's the point?

That would be one way to tell this story—but the truth is more complicated. At the Berlin Wall, guards fired live ammunition, and still an estimated 5,000 people managed to cross. And why shouldn't the fence be a complicated subject? Everything else about immigration and border security is complicated. The border has become the rice, or maybe the potatoes, of American politics; it goes with just about everything on the menu. It's an economic issue: Are illegal immigrants taking jobs from American citizens and driving down wages? It's a health-care issue: Do uninsured aliens in emergency rooms push up the cost of premiums for the insured? It's an education issue: Are local school districts across the country overtaxed by the needs of immigrant children? It's a crime issue: Are U.S. cities plagued by Central American gangs? And it's a national-security issue: Could bomb-toting terrorists cross into the U.S. undetected?

Presidential candidates in both parties have learned this year to be wary of a sub-

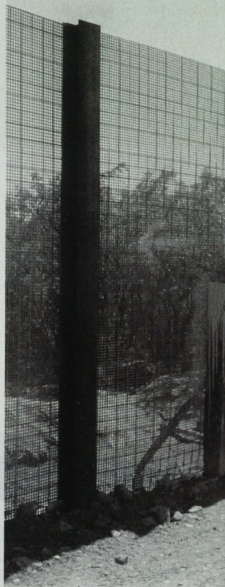
ject that shows up in so many guises on so many different plates. What tastes like common sense to one voter—cracking down on illegal crossings—smacks of xenophobia to the next, and the same rumble of helicopters and border-patrol jeeps in the Southwestern desert sounds to some people like America standing up for itself but to others like Emma Lazarus, poet of the Statue of Liberty, rolling over in her grave.

Passions don't shake out neatly along party lines. Republican John McCain wove frantically through last winter's debates trying to avoid the scarlet A-for-amnesty. His sin was promoting a "pathway to citizenship" for undocumented workers. Democrat Hillary Clinton, meanwhile, tripped on a debate question about driver's licenses for illegal aliens. Senator Barack Obama has stepped carefully with the issue, voting for the fence and for more agents on the border while saying that this covers "only one side of the equation."

The fence clearly delineates, for the first time, a frontier that was previously just a four-strand cattle fence at best

In this cloud of intangibles, the fence is something solid. After years of talking about it, Congress last year put \$1.2 billion into the project, and the Department of Homeland Security (DHS) promptly started hiring posthole diggers. DHS aims to complete more than 650 miles (roughly 1,000 km) of barrier by the end of the year, built in sections by National Guard units and private contractors. That represents only about one-third of the U.S.-Mexico border; on the other hand, the fence clearly delineates, for the first time, a frontier that was previously just a four-strand cattle fence at best.

New Fence goes up every week in Arizona and California, mile after mile of posts and plates and screens and rails marching across sun-blasted deserts and up rugged, rock-strewn hillsides. No one seems able to keep track of it all. Even agents of the newly reorganized Customs and Border Protection (CBP) department find themselves coming upon sections they've never seen before. The work is less advanced in New Mexico and stalled in Texas, where fierce local opposition has delayed construction—a coalition of border-town mayors and chambers of commerce has sued DHS Secretary Michael Chertoff, alleging he is trying to



seize land at inadequate prices. But Texas already has more than 1,200 miles (almost 2,000 km) of well-marked border in the form of the Rio Grande.

The fence is not likely to win any architecture awards. It's a hodgepodge of designs. The best—sections of tall, concrete-filled steel poles deeply rooted, closely spaced and solidly linked at the top—are bluntly functional. The worst—rusting, graffiti-covered, Vietnam-era surplus—are just skeezy walls of welded junk. Whether you think it's a sad necessity or a crude brutality, the fence is not a sight that stirs pride. The operative question, however, is not What does it look like? but How does it work?



Building a Wall

For more photos of life along the border fence, go to time.com/fence



Over the top West of Naco, Ariz., some immigrants, including a 10-year-old boy, scale the new border fence in an effort to reach the States

Something's Working

TWO YEARS AGO, YUMA SECTOR WAS THE busiest jurisdiction in the entire border patrol. This 118-mile (190 km) stretch of border in western Arizona and eastern California was a well-known gap through which people and drugs flowed north while guns and money went south. The harsh desert on either side was cross-hatched with smugglers' roads, trampled by the footprints of thousands of "walkers," some of whom dropped dead from thirst. In the city of San Luis, Ariz., so-called banzai runs were a near nightly occurrence. Scores of people would gather on the Mexican side and dash across a nearly open border toward the American neigh-

borhoods. CBF agents could stop only as many as they could grab; the rest dodged past and melted into the city.

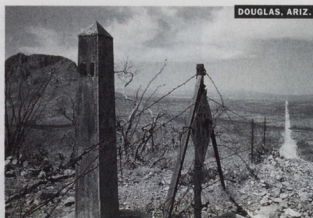
Then came the fence builders. Now a formidable triple barrier runs through town: three fences, the tallest 20 ft. (6 m) high, separated by floodlit corridors watched 24/7 by beefed-up patrols. Agent Eric Anderson, a three-year veteran, recalled a day in his rookie year when Yuma Sector nabbed 800 illegal aliens. "Some days now, we see zero coming through here," he said. East of San Luis, the triple fence becomes a double line, then a single tall fence, until it reaches the rugged Gila mountains. Beyond the range, the fence resumes, but now it's in the deep Sonoran Desert. The

design here is steel posts, about 4 ft. (1 m) high, filled with concrete to thwart plasma torches and linked by surplus railroad iron. This fence is intended to stop cars, not walkers—but anyone crossing out here must be ready for a parched hike of 30 miles (48 km) or more, through cactus lands and bombing ranges, to the nearest road. That's a dwindling population, said CBF helicopter pilot Gabriel Mourik. "I used to catch 100 people in a day," Mourik said. "Yesterday, it was just one."

It is hard to describe how unwelcoming the western Arizona border is. The budget for replacement tires for Yuma Sector's four-wheel drives is \$10,000 per week. Nearly every living thing either is

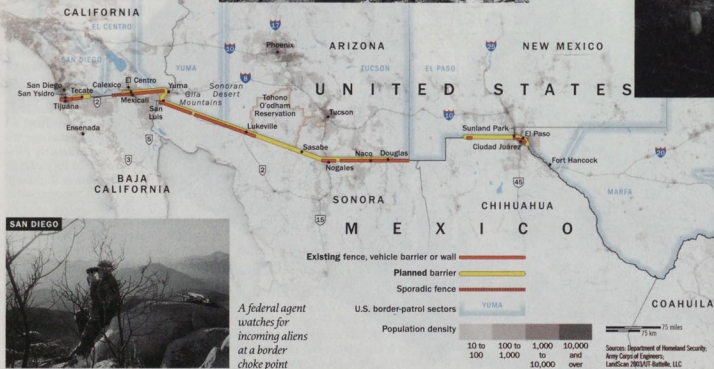
Building A Better Barrier

After a long fight, Congress approved \$1.2 billion last year to erect fences of various forms along the border with Mexico. Progress has been rapid in Arizona and California but has stalled in Texas



DOUGLAS, ARIZ.

Old four-strand barbed-wire fences are out; sturdier vehicle barriers are in

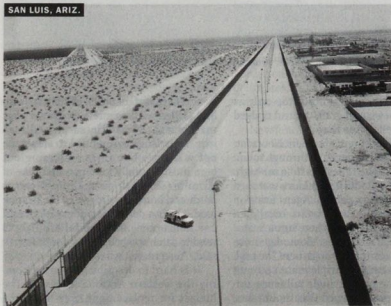


SAN DIEGO



A federal agent watches for incoming aliens at a border choke point

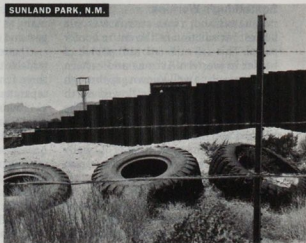
SAN LUIS, ARIZ.



The fence—along with greater surveillance from ground and air—has cut illegal crossings there substantially in the past six months

A stretch of fence in a town where people once strolled between countries

SUNLAND PARK, N.M.



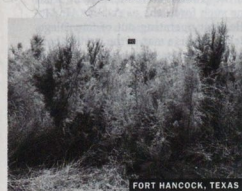


JUAREZ, MEXICO

Slowing in some spots to a trickle, the Rio Grande forms the U.S.-Mexico border in Texas



TAMAULIPAS



FORT HANCOCK, TEXAS

In places, the border is marked by little more than vegetation along an irrigation canal

venomous or has spines—or both—as we discovered when we spent two days at a CBF outpost called Camp Desert Grip. While exploring an ash-blackened waste of extinct volcanoes near the dead heart of the Sonoran Desert, we came across one of the many graves alongside a trail known as the Devil's Highway. Lava stones on the cindered earth spelled out 1871. Undisturbed 137 years later—that's how you know you've reached the middle of nowhere.

This desert is all about harsh juxtapositions—flat dust interrupted by sudden mountains; a delicate flower crowning a column of cactus spines. And now a new one, man-made: the sight of a smooth, new dirt road, huffing yellow construction equipment and mile after mile of reinforced steel. This, in a place that had never before seen a project more elaborate than a shack.

Critics complain that the fence is funneling migrants into a life-threatening desert, and they may be right, because while the area is difficult to reach from the north, on the Mexican side, Highway 2 parallels the border within sight of the U.S. It's tempting to catch a ride out here and start walking. Indeed, so many people have died or approached death in the Sonoran Desert that the CBF has installed radio beacons with flashing lights on them for walkers in distress to summon help. A more primitive sos is also common: a creosote bush set on fire at night.

Still, a case could be made that Yuma Sector's fence is part of an overall strategy that is actually reducing the number of unprepared humans wandering in the Sonoran Desert. As agent Ben Vik explained, by eliminating banzai runs in Yuma and reducing vehicle traffic in the desert, the fence has cut illegal crossings to a level at which the judicial system in western Arizona can actually handle the number of illegal immigrants apprehended by border agents. Instead of loading people onto buses and sending them back to Mexico—after which many immediately try crossing again—authorities are taking them to court. "Two weeks in jail with no income is a real deterrent," said Vik. This combination of forces—the fence, plus more agents, plus the desert, plus a real penalty—has allowed Yuma Sector to cut traffic 80%, the CBF estimates.

Tucson Sector: Wild, Wild West

"YUMA HAS A LOT OF IT CONTROLLED, thanks to the fence, but that has probably just funneled the action our way," said Chief Warrant Officer 2 Billy Dart, a chopper pilot in the Army/Air National Guard.

His voice in the headset seemed far away through the muffled roar of rotors. In nine months of patrolling Tucson Sector as part of Operation Jump Start—which deployed National Guard troops to bolster border security—Dart has, by his rough estimate, helped stop "thousands of tons of marijuana, tons of methamphetamine" and countless human beings. It's no coincidence that the CBF's new busiest sector, in both human and drug traffic, is the one next door to Yuma. Crossings didn't stop—they moved.

There's a lot of fence going up here in central Arizona too, but conditions are less favorable along this 264-mile (425 km) stretch. In the sector's largest border town, Nogales, homes and businesses crowd so close to the border that nothing like the triple barrier in San Luis can be built unless buildings are bought and knocked down. Tucson Sector also has more paved roads through its desert, making it easier for walkers to reach pickup points. And there are more hamlets along its border. Smuggling is a major part of the local economy in Arizona towns like Naco, where the busiest saloon is decorated with a bur-lap marijuana sack and a sign for Coyote brand beer. (People who don't know that coyote is slang for a smuggler of illegal aliens won't get the joke, but then those folks have no reason to visit Naco in the first place.)

You don't hear many complaints about boredom from Tucson Sector agents. Lukeville is getting a double barrier, Dart explained, but "as fast as they put it up, on the southern side they take plasma torches and cut holes." There's a vehicle barrier south of the tiny town of Menninger's, but drug smugglers use hydraulic ramps to boost cars over for a quick dash into town. In the rolling pasturelands east of Nogales, the fence is a so-called Normandy barrier of crisscrossing railroad iron. Smugglers like to cut this fence with torches, then carefully put everything back in place so the border patrol won't notice. In parts of the sector there is still no fence at all. This includes a 28-mile (45 km) stretch near Sasabe where a multimillion-dollar pilot project to create a virtual fence of radars, sensors and cameras ended in failure earlier this year.

We were barely airborne at 6 a.m. when Dart got his first call, from a CBF agent asking for help tracking a group of north-bound footprints. After nearly an hour of fruitless searching, Dart decided the walkers must have had a big head start. He peeled off to refuel. Along the way, we passed over dozens of abandoned cars and bicycles left behind by smugglers. Aloft again, Dart picked up word from

CBP agents who were using four-wheel ATVs to track a large party of fresh prints. The newcomers were moving single file toward a mesquite thicket. From the air, it's extremely difficult to see a human being hidden under a tree, but having a helicopter overhead freezes walkers in place. The agents hoped Dart's arrival would pin down their quarry. So we circled for a while—until another agent radioed for help in finding a nefarious red car in the vicinity of a nearby crossroads. Dart banked toward the dusty village to perform a census of red vehicles. As the pilot

perse in search of work harvesting crops. They had covered some 25 miles (40 km) before being caught. Standing with their plastic jugs of water, a few meager supplies on their backs, they looked dazed by the array of force that had gone into their capture: the trucks, the ATVs, the radios, the guns, the bird. If they had been picked up in Yuma Sector, they would have been headed for jail. But there aren't enough courtrooms and cells to handle Tucson Sector's traffic. "They'll probably be on the bus back to Mexico by noon," Dart said.

month. By the next day, there were signs that a new spotter had arrived.

Even farther north, within sight of the Tucson suburbs, Dart took us to a wash where walkers dump their incriminating desert gear at the end of their crossing. Thousands of cheap backpacks littered the ground, as did countless soiled sweatshirts, water and whiskey bottles, toothbrushes and socks. Gesturing toward the city, Dart said, "Guide groups are buying \$250,000 houses up there just to use as layups for these walkers. People who make their living at this are going to find a way through."

Hot pursuit In the mountains east of San Diego, a group of illegals being chased by federal agents heads back for the border



headed back toward the thicket, his sharp eye spotted a flash of silver under some trees in a dry wash. Turning for a closer look, he found a clean, late-model sedan, slightly askew, apparently left in haste. Barely 10 a.m., yet it seemed the entire sector—a classic Western landscape of rimrock, saguaro and sage—was already swimming with fishy activity.

Meanwhile, the ATV team had reached the thicket. As always, the smugglers bolted, but agents Jeff Sargent and Samuel Estrada rounded up nine of their clients and were marching the group to a nearby road when Dart returned and set down his chopper.

The eight men and one woman appeared to be between the ages of 20 and 50. Sargent quizzed them in Spanish. They said they had crossed the border the previous morning, bound for Phoenix. From there, they had expected to dis-

Dart was busy all day. So busy, in fact, that it's hard to say honestly who controls the central-Arizona frontier. It's a no-man's-land where the law is only as real as the nearest cop. Dart took us to an ancient volcanic dome north of the border. It was nearly 40 miles (64 km) inside the U.S., but it was effectively the property of Mexican smugglers, who station spotters atop the hill. From there, a man with binoculars can monitor the movements of every CBP agent in the desert below. We climbed up and found a radio and a car battery to power it, along with garbage from countless meals—beer, soda, fruit cocktail, beans, tuna, sardines, coffee creamer—and blankets, sweaters, gas stoves and propane bottles. The spotters hide in caves on the hillside whenever a chopper flies by (they "rock up," in CBP lingo), but Dart said he had managed to catch three men there the previous

A Matter of Force

THE DESERT BORDERLANDS ARE RIBBED with mountain ranges that go north and south without a care for national frontiers. Too rugged for Jeeps and fences, these areas can be secured only by boots on the ground. Steve McPartland leads one such force: the CBP's elite Air Mobile Unit operating out of San Diego. McPartland is a man of the world—born in Canada, raised in northern England and now an American citizen. After serving in the U.S. Army, he joined the border patrol 11 years ago. "Immigration was a natural for me," he explained, because having gone through the proper channels himself, he resented people who walk into the country illegally. McPartland's sector was the first to put up a border fence, as part of Operation Gatekeeper in the 1990s. Before that fence, San Diego Sector processed close to 1,000 captured illegal

aliens on busy nights, but Gatekeeper cut that number while pushing illegal traffic into the mountains west of the city. The Air Mobile Unit was created to get teams of agents into the rugged countryside.

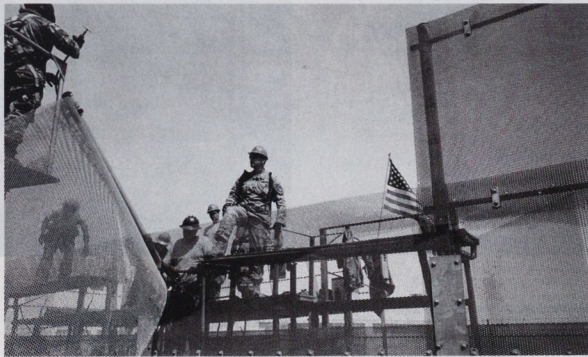
He told his story while climbing briskly up a ridge in the Tecate mountains of southwestern California, with their commanding view of nearby Mexico. The afternoon was hazy, and the hills were the colors of camouflage. Taking up his position, McPartland trained his binoculars south. He had pairs of agents deployed strategically over a couple of miles of the

program indefinitely. Homeland Security officials are hopeful that an aggressive recruiting program to increase the number of border-patrol agents will make up for the loss of the National Guard. But new agents don't arrive with their own choppers or bulldozer drivers. And it's risky to hire too many agents too quickly—as the growing number of corruption cases along the border attests. The bottom line is that resources are being pulled out of the border-security effort just as the fence is becoming a reality. That's why at one border-patrol station, agents made a wall

hack through it; they'll float around it.

"We want to secure our borders, but we can't wall ourselves off from Mexico," says Representative Ciro Rodriguez, a Texas Democrat whose district covers 585 miles (941 km) of the southern U.S. border—more than a quarter of its total length. Given the historic ties, family ties and economic ties connecting the two countries, the long-term solution to border security is a robust Mexican economy. "Mexico is the No. 1 trading partner of Texas," Rodriguez says. "If they do bad, we do bad."

Poverty makes people desperate. We



Raising the bar
A National Guard crew adds some height to a fence between San Ysidro, Calif., and Tijuana, Mexico

surrounding terrain. They would lie in wait until the walkers appeared, usually around dusk. As 6:30 p.m. came and went and all was still quiet, McPartland muttered, "Well, if they're not crossing here, where are they crossing?" Minutes later, he added, "I suppose I should be happy that it's quiet." As it turned out, that night was not completely quiet, but the fact remains that McPartland's piece of the border is tighter than it used to be. "What we've done down here works," McPartland told us. "If you have the right combination of personnel, infrastructure and technology, you can get it done."

But even as he spoke, he was worried about the impending end of Operation Jump Start. The two-year National Guard initiative expires on schedule this month, after Congress and the President turned down a request from the governors of California, Arizona and New Mexico to extend

calendar whose every page was May—so the National Guard's June departure date would never arrive.

Finding a Way—at All Costs

WHAT THE FENCE TELLS US, THEN, IS THAT marking the border and aggressively patrolling it can reduce illegal activity. The fence also carries a lesson about limits, for it is only as effective as the force that backs it up. Even the Great Wall of China was not impermeable. Osmosis explains why concentrations of water seek equilibrium across a barrier. Something similar applies to money. The difference in per capita income between the U.S. and Mexico is among the greatest cross-border contrasts in the world, according to David Kennedy, a noted historian at Stanford. As long as that remains true, the border fence will be under extreme pressure. People will climb over it; they'll tunnel under it; they'll

got a glimpse of that when we watched a family boost their 10-year-old boy over a 12-ft fence, where a slip could easily mean a broken leg, miles from the nearest doctor. Or when we stood at the rusty steel barrier between the U.S. town of Calexico and the Mexican city of Mexicali in California's Imperial Valley. Through a gap in this wall flows the New River, perhaps the most polluted waterway in North America—a foamy, green mix of industrial waste, farm runoff and untreated human sewage. This river has been found to carry the germs of tuberculosis, encephalitis, polio, cholera, hepatitis and typhoid. We'd heard stories about people entering the U.S. by floating along this nighttime stream with white plastic bags on their heads to blend into the hideous foam. A CBP agent in a Jeep sat overlooking the spot. We asked him, Does that really happen?

"Every day."

Inside McCain's Town-Hall Campaign

Unlike Barack Obama, John McCain isn't a great speechmaker. But he has mastered the art of the town-hall meeting. How it could help him win

BY MICHAEL SCHERER/PEMBERTON TOWNSHIP, N.J.



SOMETIMES IN POLITICS, THE MEDIUM really is the message.

Put Barack Obama in an arena with 20,000 supporters or at an outdoor city rally with nearly four times that many, and it hardly matters what he says. The sheer spectacle speaks for itself—something unusual is happening, and a lot of people want to be a part of it.

The same can be said of John McCain, though his trademark medium is comparatively modest. Instead of the massive event, McCain is most at home in the town-hall meeting, a modern twist on the old New England civic institution, in which neighbors gather to participate in pure democracy. For McCain, the town hall is more than just a chance for him to spread his message of staying the course in Iraq and cutting taxes and spending. The gathering is itself the message he wants to deliver.

"These town-hall meetings are the most important part, in my view, of the process, because it not only gives you a chance to hear from me—and I'll try not to make you hear from me very long—but it gives me an opportunity to hear from you," McCain said recently at a town hall in central New

Jersey. "It gives us a glimpse and an idea of your hopes and your dreams and your aspirations and your frustrations today and the challenges that you face and better sets our priorities, and it helps me enormously."

McCain overstates the transactional value of these events. In the hundreds of town halls he has held, few interactions have had any real effect on his policy positions. One exception is global warming, an issue McCain says he was alerted to at town halls during his 2000 campaign. But even if the town halls are less interactive than he claims, it's hard to overstate their importance to his candidacy or how much better they showcase him than his normal campaign speeches. On the night Obama wrapped up the nomination before a crowd of thousands in St. Paul, Minn., McCain delivered a stiff, formal speech from Louisiana before a wall the color of Kermit the Frog. He came across as nervous and stilted, his eyes fixed on the teleprompter as he emphasized the wrong words. In such settings, McCain can appear impatient, if not phony. He tries to cover up his discomfort with joyless flashes of a sideways grin.

But when his handlers take away the

teleprompter and allow him to interact with the crowd, McCain becomes a candidate transformed. He begins to have fun, spinning stories like an old sailor on a bar stool and speaking with clarity about the issues that move him most, which now include three thematic touchstones of the campaign: reform, prosperity and peace. Though many of his words are memorized, repeated verbatim at each stop, they still manage to come across as conversational. McCain usually speaks for about 30 minutes and then opens the room up to questions. In a typical session, McCain takes a dozen questions from an audience that normally is not screened in advance. Despite a bad knee, he nearly trots across a hall to allow a voter to ask a question. "I'd like you to hang on to the microphone," he tells his citizen interrogators, often inviting them to ask follow-ups.

His obvious comfort in this setting helps explain why McCain has challenged Obama to a series of weekly town halls this summer, a challenge that is fast becoming a key debating point of his candidacy. "If we are really going to change



In his element McCain works the crowd at a Sun City, Fla., town-hall meeting in January

the dynamic in Washington, change the way we do business, let's change the campaign," McCain said on June 16.

After expressing interest in the idea initially, Obama has since backed away, saying he will meet McCain for only one joint town hall, on July 4, when few Americans will be huddled around a television set to watch politics. McCain rejected the counteroffer as insufficient. The negotiations have since broken down, and the two sides are trading blame. "We made a serious counterproposal," Obama spokesman Bill Burton says. "They are content to snipe from the sidelines."

The McCain campaign sees Obama's resistance to the idea of weekly town halls as a weak spot in his "change we can believe in" armor. Obama's July 4 counterproposal "is a joke," says Steve Schmidt, a senior McCain adviser. "What they are doing is saying one thing and acting in a different way."

Because he believes the issue is a winner with independent voters, McCain has decided to go ahead with the weekly town halls whether Obama joins him onstage or not. At every stop these days, McCain

takes time to note Obama's rejection of regular joint appearances. The Republican National Committee has debuted a clock on its website counting every second that passes without Obama agreeing to the

Five things you are guaranteed to hear John McCain say at a town-hall meeting

- 1. Bad jokes:** In prison, one inmate says to another, "The food was better when you were governor."
- 2. Pork:** "Congress spends money like a drunken sailor."
- 3. Foreign policy:** Pulling out of Iraq would have meant "chaos, genocide, a wider war—and we would have been back."
- 4. Bipartisanship:** "I will reach across the aisle... We must fix the broken system in Washington."
- 5. Sound bites:** "Reform. Prosperity. Peace."

meetings. Earlier this month, Fox News broadcast an invitation-only McCain town hall from New York City that highlighted Obama's absence, although the event was not open to the public.

Obama's campaign regards this late-spring dustup as little more than a distraction, an emphasis on process that will fail to sway voters, just as Hillary Clinton failed to make much headway when she demanded additional debates in the primaries. "Apparently they would rather contrive a political issue than foster a genuine discussion about the future of our country," said Obama campaign manager David Plouffe in a statement about the issue.

Behind this position is a political calculation that says less about Obama's own affection for the town-hall format than his campaign's determination to maintain its core advantages through the summer. If this election is decided by crowd size, teleprompters and televised speeches, Obama will almost certainly win in November. But if McCain brings Obama to his level, where the Republican can shine, then the outcome is anyone's guess. ■

The Blame Game

Obama's rebuke of absentee black fathers may score politically, but it won't help solve the problem

ON FATHER'S DAY, WHEN BARACK OBAMA assailed absent fathers as a critical source of suffering for black communities, he sought two political advantages for the price of one. He embraced a thorny tradition of social thought that says black families are largely responsible for their own troubles. And he was seen in a black church not railing at racism but rebuking his own race. Obama's words may have been spoken to black folk, but they were also aimed at those whites still on the fence about whom to send to the White House.

The notion that black families are mired in self-imposed trauma stems from Daniel Patrick Moynihan's 1965 report, in which Moynihan argued that the black family was a "tangle of pathology" whose destruction by slavery had produced female-headed households, absent fathers and high illegitimacy. Interestingly, Martin Luther King Jr. was one of the few Negro leaders who refused to condemn the future New York Senator's report. "The shattering blows on the Negro family have made it fragile, deprived and often psychopathic," King said at the time. "Nothing is so much needed as a secure family life for a people to pull themselves out of poverty and backwardness." But King also insisted that Moynihan's report offered both "dangers and opportunities." The danger was that "problems will be attributed to innate Negro weaknesses and used to justify neglect and rationalize oppression." The opportunity was the chance that the report would galvanize support and resources for the black family.

Four decades later, King's misgivings have been realized more than his hopes.

Obama's words may have been spoken to black folk, but they were also aimed at those whites still on the fence about whom to send to the White House

Stereotypes about negligent black fathers persist, promoted most vehemently by Bill Cosby, who has embarked on a national crusade against the alleged misbehavior of poor black families. And yet such stereotypes may have little basis in reality. Research by Boston College social psychologist Rebekah Levine Coley found that black fathers not living at home are more likely to keep in contact with their children than fathers of any other ethnic or racial group. Coley offers



Father's Day In Chicago, Obama takes aim at delinquent dads

a more complex view of the causes of absenteeism among black fathers: the failure to live up to expectations to provide for their families—owing to stunted economic and educational opportunities—drives poor black men into despair and away from their families. Such findings undermine the arguments about black fathers' inherent pathology or moral lassitude. These men need jobs, not jabs.

Obama's Father's Day speech did tilt gently in that direction: he noted the need for more cops and more money for teachers, for more after-school programs and fewer guns. But he laid most of the blame on black families and fathers, in blunt—and occasionally belittling—terms. He said many of them acted "like boys instead of men." He also said, "Any fool can have a child. That doesn't make you a father. It's the courage to

raise a child that makes you a father."

The trouble is that the problems Obama identified won't be solved solely through tough talk in black churches. We've heard these themes before. In the 1970s, Jesse Jackson said, "You are not a man because you can make a baby. You're only a man if you can raise a baby, protect a baby and provide for a baby." But like King before him, Jackson understood that one must beat back the barriers that stand in the way of individual initiative.

Obama brilliantly cited a Chris Rock routine about black men expecting praise for things they were supposed to do, like stay out of jail and take care of their children. But Rock's humor is so effective because he is just as hard on whites as on blacks. That's a part of the routine Obama has not yet adopted.

Obama's rebuff of black fathers and his firm insistence on personal responsibility were calculated to win over socially conservative whites who were turned off by the Rev. Jeremiah Wright's

tirades against persistent racism. But in his desire to appeal to such voters, Obama may have missed the balance that King maintained. Personal responsibility is a crucial, but only partial, answer to what ails black families. Huge unemployment, racist mortgage practices, weakened child-care support, stunted training programs for blue-collar workers who've been made obsolete by technology, and the gutting of early-childhood learning programs are all forces that must be combated. If we rightly expect more black fathers to stick around to raise their children, we've got to give them a greater opportunity to stay home. ■

Dyson is a sociology professor at Georgetown University and the author of April 4, 1968: Martin Luther King, Jr.'s Death and How It Changed America

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Deep Down In Iowa

THE 1993 DELUGE THAT swamped Iowa and much of the Upper Midwest was supposed to be a 500-year flood. Fifteen years later, Iowans are rethinking that judgment. In a spring of calamitous weather, the state's can-do stoicism was tested by two tornadoes; one tore through a Boy Scout camp and killed four teenagers. Rains then swelled the rivers and strained the levees, which burst indiscriminately. Iowa's second largest city, Cedar Rapids (pop. 124,000), and one of its smallest towns, Chelsea (pop. 276), were inundated. On Friday the 13th, downtown Des Moines was under voluntary evacuation. The surge was both overwhelming and fickle. Neighbors on high ground saw friends next door lose cars to a furious downpour. The massive tide is sweeping through Illinois, Missouri and points downstream, raising questions about the adequacy of the levee system designed to guard against flooding. In Iowa the cost mounts: 20% of the corn crop has drowned, 38,000 people have been displaced, and Cedar Rapids alone may need \$1 billion to recover.

—BY BETSY RUBINER/DES MOINES



Raging Rivers

For more pictures of the Iowa floods, go to time.com/iowafloods

...the world's most powerful...
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Inundated *The Iowa River broke through a levee near Oakville (pop. 428) on June 14, swamping the town and thousands of acres of surrounding farmland*
Photograph for TIME by Danny Wilcox Frazier—Redux

FLIGHT		
NEM	447	
TZO	1423	
GNW	2424	
MFY	911	
QTA	78	
WXL	1776	
TZO	712	
GNW	85	
WXL	1	
RRD	2	
MFY	2	

DEPARTURES

DESTINATION

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TIME

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08 50



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Passing the Buck

How in the world did a hedge-fund manager become our top crusader for financial probity?

LAST OCTOBER, I STOOD IN THE BACK OF a packed Manhattan ballroom listening to hedge-fund manager David Einhorn explain to an audience what had gone wrong with Wall Street. Packaging home loans into securities was a "mediocre idea," he said. Repackaging those securities into yet other securities was a downright bad one. Credit ratings were a joke. Investment banks—he mentioned Bear Stearns and Lehman Bros. by name—took too many risks and disclosed too little.

To be honest, I didn't think much of the speech at the time. One could hear similar critiques every day from finance professors, regulators and even some Wall Street executives. Yet there turned out to be a crucial difference: Einhorn was actually doing something about it, betting that the gig would soon be up at Bear and Lehman by selling their shares short.

It is a bet that he has now largely won. With Bear Stearns, which the Federal Reserve forced into a fire sale to JPMorgan Chase, he cashed his checks quietly. But in the case of Lehman Bros., Einhorn engaged in a riveting public campaign to goad the firm into confessing its shortcomings. In mid-June, it more or less did. Einhorn, 39—a soft-spoken, baby-faced hedge-fund manager previously best known for winning \$659,730 at the 2006 World Series of Poker—had briefly made himself the most important crusader for financial morality on Wall Street. Which may say less about him than about our society's general inability to do anything about financial excess before it's too late.

This happens to be a favorite theme of Einhorn's. "The authorities are good at

cleaning up fraud after the money's gone," he writes in his new book, *Fooling Some of the People All of the Time*. But they "really don't know what to do about fraud when they discover it in progress." Einhorn's Greenlight Capital manages \$6 billion, most of it invested in stocks that Einhorn actually likes. But Greenlight also makes money short-selling the stocks he doesn't



like. Six years ago, Einhorn stood up at a charity event and recommended shorting Allied Capital, a finance company that he was convinced was understating its loan losses. The company vehemently disagreed, igniting a long war that is the main subject of his book. But as Einhorn recounts in a tone of aggrieved righteousness in its pages, his greatest disappointment was with the financial media and the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC), which instead of joining him in his crusade grilled him for conspiring to drive Allied's stock price down.

Last summer the bet against Allied finally started to pay off (the company's stock is down 50% over the past year), and Einhorn began shorting Bear and Lehman—the smallest and least diversified of Wall Street's big firms. These companies once made all their money

off commissions and fees, but the bulk of their profits in recent years has come from making bets. At Lehman Bros., trading and investing on the firm's own account contributed about 60% of its \$6 billion in pretax profits last year. Key to these profits is leverage, a.k.a. debt. But with high leverage comes high risk. If your investments go sour or nobody will lend to you, your business can evaporate in a matter of days. That happened to hedge fund Carlyle Capital in early March. Then lenders and customers cut off Bear Stearns.

After Lehman weathered the Bear scare, Einhorn began to speak out. He said in April that the firm needed to cut its borrowing dramatically. Then in early May he began pointing out apparent gaps in its first-quarter earnings report. His comments, he later told me, amounted to saying, "Gee, there's a naked emperor."

For weeks, Lehman battled Einhorn's assertions. Some of the Wall Street analysts who follow the firm dismissed him as a half-informed dabbler. Then Lehman disclosed that it had lost \$2.8 billion in the second quarter. It raised \$6 billion by selling new shares, addressing Einhorn's concerns about overindebtedness. It removed its chief financial officer and chief operating officer. Chief executive Richard Fuld got on the company public-address system and declared, "Einhorn didn't lose us \$2.8 billion. We lost it."

It's possible that some of this would have happened without Einhorn's badgering. But nobody else—not the SEC, not the Fed, not the analysts, not investors, not Lehman's board—was putting public pressure on the firm's executives to come clean. Some may have feared inciting a panic like the one at Bear Stearns. I asked Einhorn whether he worried about that. No, he said. "If you're running a financial firm, you need to run it in such a way that you can survive a civil discussion."

So far, Lehman has survived, although its stock price is down 70% from a year ago. Perhaps it's time for a few more such civil discussions about how Wall Street does business.

Nobody else—not the SEC, not the Fed, not the analysts, not investors, not Lehman's board—was putting public pressure on the firm's executives

Should You Drink with Your Kids?

Our effort to stamp out underage alcohol use has failed, creating a culture in which young people binge in secret. There's a better way

BY JOHN CLOUD/SAN DIEGO

I WAS 14 THE FIRST TIME I GOT FALLING-down drunk. I was attending summer golf camp at the University of Arkansas. It was 1985, and a preternaturally talented young golfer named John Daly was my camp counselor. This was six years before Daly won the PGA Championship as a rookie. He would also become famous for his drinking, but in 1985 he was still just a big kid, five years older than I was but not especially more mature.

One night he acquired a bottle of Canadian whiskey, and somehow we persuaded three girls from the tennis camp to join us in his dorm room. Not bothering with glassware, we passed the bottle around until it was empty. I remember eating some watermelon Daly had bought. The evening ended when I regurgitated the whiskey and melon onto one of the girls. Daly and another player on the Razorback golf team deposited me into the well of a shower, where I fell into a dead sleep.

I hadn't thought about that incident in years—I don't think I suffered any lasting damage—but then I started looking into the current state of underage drinking. What was considered by some to be a rite of passage back then would now be considered cause for grave concern. That's because the U.S. seems to be in the midst of one of its periodic alcohol panics, this one

focused on adolescents. In the late 1800s and again during the first decade of the 20th century, our alcohol panics focused first on what was called "frontier drinking" and then on drinking in slums. Pulp novels and newspapers carried lurid tales of violent drunkenness. Today news stories offer grim accounts of high school parties that end in gruesome wrecks and of college kids killing themselves by consuming, say, 100 shots in as many minutes. Last year the Surgeon General issued a "call to action" to prevent underage drinking; the National Institutes of Health issued a similar one in 2002.

The calls to action make it sound as if America's high schools have become one enormous kegger, but in fact alcohol use among high school students has fallen dramatically. The Monitoring the Future surveys conducted by the University of Michigan show that in 1991, 81% of eighth-, 10th- and 12th-graders had had at least one drink in their lives; by last year, the figure was only 58%. Roughly 47% of this cohort had been drunk at least once in 1991; in 2007 only 38% had ever been drunk. On college campuses, meanwhile, the ranks of nondrinkers are rising steadily. In 1980 only 18% of college students surveyed for Monitoring the Future said they had not had a drink in the past month; by 2006 the proportion had risen to 35%.

And yet the typical college president can offer sad anecdotes about students dead from alcohol poisoning. Those deaths are still so rare that it's impossible to prove they are increasing. But according to Henry Wechsler of the Harvard School of Public Health, 26% of college kids who drink say they have forgotten where they were or what they did at least once; the figure was 18% for college men in the late 1940s, according to the seminal 1953 book *Drinking in College*. We think of the midcentury as a gin-soaked era, but when the *Drinking in College* authors asked students whether





they had suffered an "accident or injury" as a result of alcohol (without defining precisely whether that meant only physical injury or also alcohol poisoning), only 6% of drinkers said they had. The figure has now more than doubled, to 13%.

So the data indicate there are fewer young drinkers, but a greater proportion of them are hard-core drinkers. Parents have helped create this paradox. Many parents seem torn between two competing impulses: officially, most say in surveys that they oppose any drinking by those under 21. But unofficially many also seem

1940S

6%

Percentage of college kids who suffered an accident or injury because of alcohol

TODAY

13%

Percentage who suffer injuries because of drinking; 26% black out

to think kids will be kids—after all, not so long ago, they were themselves drinking as teens. A few of these parents have even allowed their kids to have big drunken parties at home.

But there is a better way. At first it sounds a little nutty, but you might consider drinking with your kids. Incongruously, the way to produce fewer problem drinkers is to create more drinkers overall—that is, to begin to create a culture in which alcohol is not an alluring risk but part of quotidian family life. Of course, that's a mostly European approach to alcohol, but there's reason to think it could work here. And it may be the best way to solve the binge-drinking problem.

RAY DICICCIO IS A WELL-TANNED, MILD, bespectacled 60-year-old who has served as executive director of the San Diego County Alcohol-Policy Panel since its founding in 1994. The organization is a county-funded nonprofit whose main mission is to reduce underage drinking, although in pursuit of that goal DiCiccio often fights for policies that restrict adult drinking as well. For instance, earlier this year the panel helped persuade the San Diego City Council to ban drinking on city beaches. It was already illegal for those under 21 to drink in any public place, but on a crowded day, it was difficult for police to be sure that no minors were taking beers from coolers.

DiCiccio and his top deputy, Patty Drieslein, feel that the alcohol industry has become so powerful that American culture has turned into a binge-drinking culture. "Most of our holidays have become drinking holidays," says Drieslein, 47, a brassy woman with leopard-print eyeglasses and a smoker's voice. "Halloween used to be about trick-or-treating, and now it's about Elvira with a beer." Kids notice, she says.

Like many temperance activists, going back more than a century, both DiCiccio and Drieslein have had problems controlling their own alcohol use. DiCiccio, a Vietnam vet originally from Midland, Pa., says he quit drinking in 1988 and then switched careers, from selling cars to helping others get sober. Drieslein, who grew up in San Diego, started drinking at 12 and went into recovery 18 years later, after indulging in six to 12 beers a night for many years.

Like many other people in recovery, DiCiccio and Drieslein—and by extension the county organization they run—take an all-or-nothing approach to alcohol. The policy panel and many groups like it around the country now maintain that all kids should wait until they turn 21 before having their first drink. That may sound uncontroversial; after all, isn't underage drinking illegal? Actually, no. When Congress passed

the National Minimum Drinking Age Act in 1984, it explicitly allowed kids to drink at home or in "private clubs or establishments." Similarly, under most state laws, it's legal for those under 21 to consume alcohol under certain conditions. Only six states, mostly rural ones, ban underage alcohol consumption completely.

Most alcohol laws were enacted before we began trying to construct a zero-tolerance, total-abstinence culture for our teenagers—a phenomenon of the post-Columbine, post-Bill Clinton years. Two decades ago, prevention efforts aimed at kids focused on school programs that taught the dangers of excessive drinking. The trouble was, the programs didn't work very well. Teen drinking rose during the 1980s, the heyday for well-meaning, not especially effective programs like Drug Abuse Resistance Education. "The research kept coming over and over again that you can do this education stuff, but then you put these kids back in this culture, and it really doesn't make much difference," says DiCiccio, who has a master's in social work.

So in the '90s, DiCiccio and other alcohol officials around the country began to shift their focus from education to what is known as environmental prevention—banning alcohol in public places, for instance, or restricting alcohol licenses near schools. Prevention officials began working less with teachers and more with cops. In a way, the new strategy worked: fewer kids drink now because it's harder for them to obtain alcohol. But as psychologist Stanton Peele writes in his 2007 book *Addiction: Proof Your Child* (one of his 10 books on addiction), "When alcohol is presented as impossibly dangerous, it becomes alluring as a 'forbidden fruit'.... The choice between abstinence and excess is not a good one to force on children."

By the early part of the current decade, alcohol officials had noticed the numbers on binge-drinking, and they embarked on a new kind of prohibitionist strategy to discourage it: the "social host" law, the most sweeping change in American alcohol-enforcement since Prohibition. Social-host laws make residents over 21 responsible for any underage drinking that occurs at their home. The laws vary, but those who break them can be fined, forced to pay for police costs that result from underage drinking or even jailed. Twenty-four states and more than 100 local jurisdictions have passed such laws, the majority of them in the past five years. Many of the laws make no allowance even for parents to drink with their own kids; of the 55 social-host laws passed by California jurisdictions, for instance, only 25 make exceptions for parents.

That matters because there's evidence

that drinking with your kids—not buying them alcohol for a party but actually drinking with them at home—is a good way to teach responsible drinking behavior.

A FEW YEARS AGO, A TEAM OF NORTH Carolina researchers, led by public-health professor Kristie Long Foley, examined whether adults' approval or disapproval mattered when adolescents were deciding whether and how much to drink. Foley's team analyzed surveys of more than 6,000 people ages 16 to 20 in 242 U.S. communities. One predictable finding: kids whose parents gave them alcohol for parties were more likely to binge-drink. That discovery underscored years of research showing that the earlier people start to drink, the more likely they are to become alcoholics.

But another result was surprising: if kids actually drank with their parents, they were about half as likely to say they had drunk alcohol in the past month and about one-third as likely to say they had had five or more drinks in a row in the previous two weeks. As Foley and her colleagues wrote in a 2004 *Journal of Adolescent Health* paper, "Drinking with parents appears to have a protective effect on general drinking trends."

How this approach would work in any individual case depends, obviously, on the kid and the parent. Peele, the addiction expert, raised his own daughter (who is 20 and will be a junior at New York University) to drink a "few sips" of alcohol at family meals until she was about 16, when she could have a full glass of whatever the adults were drinking. "You give them sips as smaller kids, and you don't make a big deal about it," says Peele, 62. "Around 16, give them a glass of wine. A second glass probably doesn't make sense, but making hard-and-fast rules creates the sense that alcohol is some magical potion."

I was still curious to see how drinking with your kid might work in practice. Peele referred me to Tom Horvath, a past president of the American Psychological Association's division on addictions and the father of a 17-year-old, Greg. Through his work treating at least 2,000 people with substance-abuse problems, Horvath has come to believe that the best way to teach your kids about alcohol is to demystify it. Horvath, 54, was never forbidden alcohol;

'You give them sips as smaller kids and don't make a big deal about it. At 16, give them a glass of wine.'

—ADDICTION EXPERT STANTON PEELE



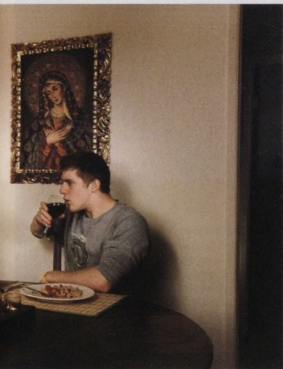
A glass of wine with Dad Horvath and son Greg, 17, at home in La Jolla, Calif.

he recalls that his grandmother gave him his first sip of wine at age 4 or 5. He spit it out, but he absorbed the lesson that alcohol was part of family life. Growing up, he occasionally drank with his parents, and he now drinks a glass or two of wine or beer with Greg once or twice a month. (Tom and Greg's mother are divorced.)

I met Greg and his dad at a restaurant in La Jolla, Calif., where Tom runs a for-profit treatment center. After we were seated, I ordered a bottle of cabernet sauvignon, and the server asked for Greg's ID. "He's 17," Tom immediately said. He then asked the waiter if it would be O.K. if Greg drank with his approval. The waiter said no.

Greg seems like a typical teenager, which is to say he's enamored of green causes and a bit cocky. He also seems to have learned some lessons from drinking with his dad. "I went to a party as a freshman with all juniors," he recalls. "And there was one guy who was drinking, and he was chugging a bottle of Skyy. And they tried, 'Let's get the freschie drunk,' all that sort of stuff, and it just didn't seem that hard to me to say I wasn't going to drink."

Later in the meal, Tom raised the issue of how culture influences consumption. Kids from the Southern European countries of the Romance languages—France, Romania, Italy, Spain and Portugal—get drunk at about the same rate as American teens (or slightly less often) even though a typi-



2002

7,265

San Diego Police Department (SDPD) responses to parties before its social-host law passed to crack down on teen drinking

2007

9,383

SDPD responses to parties five years later

2002

473

Minors going to San Diego health facilities with alcohol problems

2007

892

The post-crackdown figure

cal kid in these countries can buy wine or beer in any shop from early adolescence. The Southern European model of moderate, supervised drinking within families seems to be the most promising approach, on the basis of the North Carolina study. Italy and Spain report very low rates of alcohol dependence or abuse (less than 1% and 2.8%, respectively) compared with the U.S., where the rate is 7.8%, slightly lower than France's 8.7%. (All the figures are from the World Health Organization.)

The spread of social-host laws makes it harder to teach a European model here. True, it's unlikely that police are going to raid private homes when only parents and their kids are together. But social-host prosecutions can be quite aggressive; in 2002 a Virginia mom and stepfather were sentenced to eight years behind bars for serving their son and his friends for the boy's 16th birthday. The couple had collected car keys in advance, and no one was hurt. But after years of failed appeals, the mom and stepdad, now divorced, had to report to jail last year. (In the end, they had to serve only five months, not eight years.)

Most social-host laws give police expansive powers. According to data compiled by the Pacific Institute for Research and Evaluation, an organization based in Calverton, Md., that studies alcohol policy, only eight of 67 U.S. jurisdictions with social-host laws require that the homeowner have "actual knowledge" of underage drinking at the house to be charged with a crime. In other words, you can violate most social-host laws

even if you are in another country when your kid decides to party. And under many social-host laws, a meal with wine served at a dinner table is treated no differently from a kegger if neighbors are present with their kids. In short, we are encouraging kids to leave their homes (presumably by car) and drink in parks or abandoned warehouses or anywhere else they think they won't get caught and their parents won't get arrested.

It's not surprising that social-host laws don't seem to work as intended. In 2003, San Diego became one of the first big jurisdictions to adopt a social-host ordinance (both the city and county of San Diego passed a social-host law that year). After some legal wrangling, a tougher version of the city's law was enacted in 2006. Yet according to the San Diego Police Department, patrol-car responses to parties in the city increased from 7,265 in 2002 to 9,383 last year. (This figure includes parties with both underage and of-age drinkers, since it's impractical for cops to ID everyone once they arrive. But it is teen parties that get the loudest.)

The period since the city's social-host law was first enacted has also seen an enormous increase in the number of kids going to hospitals with alcohol-related problems. According to data from San Diego County's health department, the number of minors presenting alcohol and substance-abuse problems at health-care facilities in the jurisdiction rose from 473 in 2002 to 892 last year. At one of the city's biggest hospitals, Sharp Memorial, 7.3% of underage trauma

admissions involved alcohol in 2002; by 2005 the figure was 13.4%.

In other words, the social-host law appears to have broken up big house parties into many smaller ones. Possibly because fewer adults are present, the parties are less supervised, and more kids are getting so drunk they end up in the ER.

WHEN I MENTIONED SOME OF THE ARGUMENTS against social-host laws at the San Diego County Alcohol-Policy Panel, DiCiccio offered another reason that kids shouldn't drink with adults: alcohol could hurt their developing brains.

It is accepted as an article of faith in the prevention community that "the teen brain" should not be exposed to any alcohol. But the research on alcohol and the young brain is actually quite murky. It has mainly shown that very high doses of alcohol given to adolescent rats (those roughly 40 days old) affect those animals differently from the way alcohol affects adult rats. In typical studies, the rats are injected with 5 g of alcohol per 1,000 g of their body weight, often after the rodents have been deprived of food for 12 hours. Rats metabolize alcohol about 10 times as fast as humans, but in a typical rat, this 5 g/kg dose on an empty stomach still results in a monumentally high blood-alcohol concentration. "It's difficult to compare to humans, but it's about a case of beer," says Aaron White, an alcohol researcher at the Duke University Medical Center—that's a case of beer ingested all at once.

What these rat studies tell us is that exposure to very large amounts of alcohol (particularly repeated exposure) probably inhibits normal brain development. And yet there are signs that in certain ways the adolescent brain is *better* equipped to handle alcohol than the adult brain. Adolescent rats show less vulnerability than adult rats to alcohol's sedating effects (which is one reason kids can party so much longer than adults). Other studies have found that, as White writes, "adolescents may be less sensitive than adults to the effects of alcohol on motor coordination." None of this means you should let your kids get drunk with their friends. But there's little reason to think small amounts of alcohol consumed at family meals will be as harmful.

Because alcohol is harder to obtain now than in the '70s and '80s, more kids are delaying their first drink. But most people will drink before 21, and it's a reasonable goal for parents to be there when it happens. "What if a kid has never had alcohol and drinks for the first time at 21?" asks Peele, the author of *Addiction-Proof Your Child*. "If they haven't developed a capacity to regulate themselves with alcohol at all, you can be headed for trouble." ■

Bombs Away

The product of a country crushed by war, 20-year-old Ana Ivanovic is No. 1 in the world and gunning for Wimbledon. Meet tennis's next megastar

BY SEAN GREGORY

OH, YOU KNOW THOSE TENNIS DIVAS. Coddled from childhood. Pushed by their parents to some high-priced academy. Coached day and night. Flights in first class. Bombs sailing by Grandma's front door.

What's that? Well, let's just say Ana Ivanovic, the French Open champion and new top-ranked women's player in the world, had a slightly tougher ride than most tennis pros. Reared in the war-torn Serbia of the 1990s, Ivanovic has risen from her home country's ashes to become the best in the game, the leader of the unlikely Serbian revolution that includes Jelena Jankovic, the second-ranked woman in the world, and Novak Djokovic, No. 3 on the men's side. At 20, Ivanovic has all the assets of a megastar in the-

'I still remember the rules. If you start a match and the bombs come, you have to keep playing.'

—ANA IVANOVIC, ON PLAYING THROUGH NATO AIR STRIKES ON BELGRADE IN 1999

making: looks, power and a healthy dose of humility. And with the sport shaken by the surprise retirement of ex-No. 1 Justine Henin, the women's game needs Ana's aces this summer, starting at Wimbledon, which begins June 23. "She's a terrific shot in the arm," says Women's Tennis Association CEO Larry Scott, who has put Ivanovic at the center of the tour's latest marketing campaign.

The 6 ft. 1 in. (1.85 m) chic yet down-to-earth brunette began her trip to the top in front of a Belgrade TV set. She worshipped Monica Seles, to this point Serbia's most famous tennis star. During one Seles match, before Ivanovic had turned 5, she saw a commercial for a local tennis school. She memorized the phone num-

ber. "I forced my parents to call and sign me in," says Ivanovic. "My mom was like, 'Maybe you should go to dance school.' I said, 'No, no. I want tennis.'"

At the time, the sport was an afterthought in Serbia. Ivanovic learned the game on a makeshift court at the bottom of an empty swimming pool. Crosscourt shots sent players crashing into the walls. Another tiny challenge for Ivanovic: in 1999 NATO launched air strikes against Belgrade to halt President Slobodan Milosevic's campaign of ethnic cleansing in Kosovo. On the first night of bombing, Ivanovic and her family hid in a cellar. "But we had the windows glued, you know," she says, "so they wouldn't go into little pieces." While she was spending time with her grandparents, a bomb exploded less than a mile from their apartment.

She kept playing tennis through the turmoil. "I still remember the rules," she says. "If you start a match and the bombs come, you have to keep playing. But if the danger was there, you wouldn't start new matches." So much for child safety. "It was a risk," says Ivanovic's youth coach, Dejan Vranes, in the understatement of the Grand Slam season. "But people in the city did their jobs. No one hid in their house."

The work—or what some might term insanity—paid off. Ivanovic was a promising but not phenomenal junior player. To fly to tournaments, Ivanovic and her mother Dragana took seven-hour bus trips to the Budapest airport, since there were no flights out of Belgrade. Because of Milosevic's war crimes, Serbians were often viewed with disdain. "We would say we were from Serbia, and people would look at you suspiciously," Ivanovic says. "They would pull you aside, and you could tell from the look in their face that they felt sorry for you. It was very frustrating."

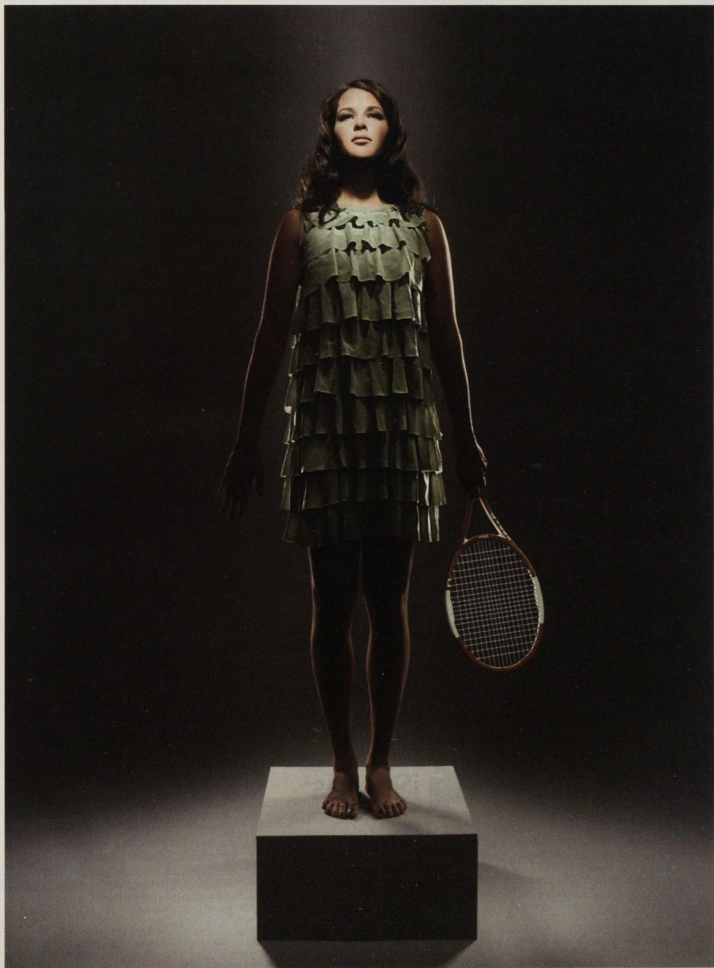
Ivanovic caught a crucial break when a Serbian tennis instructor touted her to one of his clients, a Swiss businessman named Dan Holzmänn. Intrigued, Holzmänn invited Ivanovic and her

mother to his home in Basel, the Swiss city that produced Roger Federer. "We all fell in love with each other," Holzmänn says. He made a bet: he would cover Ivanovic's expenses, praying that she could repay him down the line. He hired a coach and paid for Ivanovic's training in Switzerland. Holzmänn's bill: \$500,000. As soon as Ivanovic signed a four-year, multi-million-dollar deal with Adidas in 2006, she gave Holzmänn his money back. He's now her business manager: she'll make at least \$10 million this year.

That's because she hits them hard and low, so that opponents can't really control her. She has also improved her fitness. "I don't know how to put this nicely," says Hall of Famer Tracy Austin, "but she weighed more before. She has trimmed down and become quicker." At the French Open, Ivanovic nullified the nerves that brought her down during her two prior Grand Slam finals, last year's French against Henin and this year's Australian Open against Maria Sharapova. "During the match, thoughts would come up—Oh, this is a Grand Slam final," says Ivanovic of the '08 French. "And then I'm like, Oh, no, no, no—don't go that far. Stay in the moment. Stay in the moment. And you know, I managed to do it."

Wimbledon plays to Ivanovic's strengths. The ball moves faster on grass, which will help her monstrous serve. Ivanovic likes playing at the net. Plus, her backhand slice will skid away from opponents on the turf: good luck lunging for it, Ms. Sharapova and Ms. Williams.

Despite the heightened expectations, Ivanovic doesn't seem stressed. She has seen too much to fret about tennis, and she's just enjoying this defining moment of her young career. "I still have to pinch myself to believe it really happened," says Ivanovic. "They were my two biggest goals, winning a Grand Slam and to be No. 1. And I achieved them within a few days. It's unbelievable." Go ahead and believe it.



HOW DID IT COME TO THIS? YOU HAVE SO MUCH MONEY YOU STOPPED CARING ABOUT IT.

» **It's an interesting phenomenon.** You work for years to accumulate what you have, only to turn around and ignore what you've accumulated.

(Psychiatrists make careers out of this sort of thing.)

It wasn't so long ago that you paid attention to the nuances. You looked under the hood of your portfolio. You asked questions. You examined expense ratios. You even eyeballed the tax bite. Lately however, it seems your money is barely an afterthought.

But wait just a second now. Since when is trading your money for time a capital offense? **What's the harm in burning a few bucks here and there on additional taxes or obscure portfolio expenses?**

The answer is probably more than you think. The trading activity in any managed fund you own can regularly throw off capital gains, which in turn creates capital gains taxes. And while odds are you knew that, odds are also that you don't appreciate the extent of the implications. For starters, throughout all the buying and selling Uncle Sam is there, waiting to get his take from you, even when your fund has gone down in value.



But there's more to it than taxes. Take a peek at what's in the portfolio these days. It's highly likely you're the victim of the simple yet oft-overlooked managed fund phenomenon known as "style drift." It occurs when the fund's manager deviates ever-so-slightly from the target benchmark. Over time, you can become heavily invested in sectors where you thought you were light. Who knows? You could even start finding mid caps in your small caps.

At this point, perhaps you're seeing opportunities to be better to your money. If that's the case, let's get on with formulating a plan.

Let's start with finding the right financial advisor—someone who will combat the forces of taxes and cost-inefficiency with informed, forward thinking strategies.

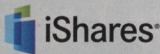
Your financial advisor's first order of business will likely be to allocate your assets across a proper mix of asset classes. Now, maybe you feel like you already are. But before deciding so fast, consider the possibility that your allocation mix hasn't sufficiently shifted to keep pace with your life's changes. (Not to mention your investment horizon, risk tolerance and goals.) On the other hand, you should also consider the possibility that your allocations have shifted, only in a direction you didn't intend.

Next, the right financial advisor will likely introduce you to the twin ideals of risk management and cost efficiency. (Don't be shy, now. Your money approves.) **In time you'll learn to appreciate the two of them every bit as much as dividends and yield.** After all, performance isn't just about returns. It's about returns after taxes and expenses have been subtracted.

(Ask your financial advisor about using iShares, the world's largest family of ETFs* as part of a complete tax and cost management strategy.)

With good advice, the right tools and some renewed dedication, you and your money can start getting your relationship back on track.

— [LET'S BUILD A BETTER INVESTMENT WORLD.*] —



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*Source: Exchange Traded Funds-Year End 2007 Global Industry Review, Morgan Stanley. Based on AUM, market share and number of funds.

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BARCLAYS

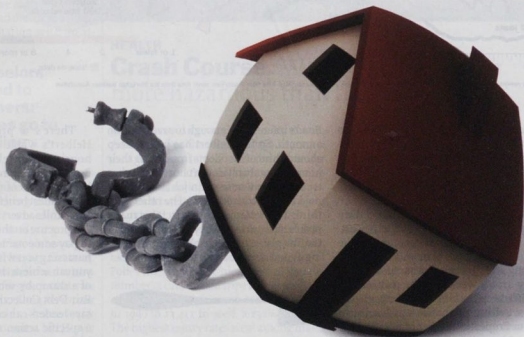
Endless variations in rug style and quality make bazaar bargaining a daunting exercise

TRAVEL, PAGE 54

Life

REAL ESTATE

HEALTH GEEK CHIC TRAVEL



REAL ESTATE

Ditch This House. A new breed of company wants to solve your mortgage woes. But what exactly are these guys selling?

BY BARBARA KIVIAT

NEARLY 9% OF ALL U.S. MORTGAGES—OR 4.8 million loans—are past due or in some stage of foreclosure. So when a company claims to offer distressed homeowners both relief from their mortgages and revenge against the bankers who saddled them with too much debt (“Give the lenders back their own headaches”), there are plenty of people eager to hear more.

For \$695, the Walk Away Plan promises to extract homeowners from the agony of mortgages they can no longer afford or from houses now worth far less than the amount they owe. A similarly named outfit called You Walk Away croons on its website, “Before you know it, you will have this behind you and a fresh start!” *Walking away* is a popular phrase these days among real estate pros and ex-mortgage brokers looking to capitalize on slumping home

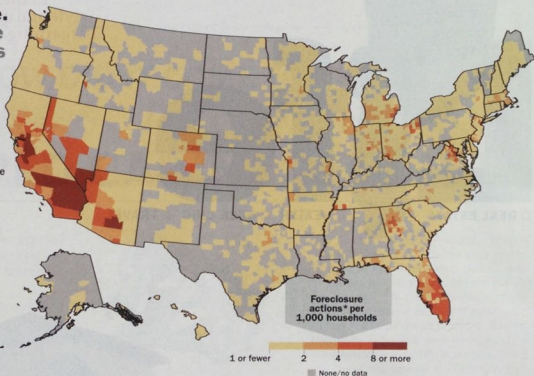
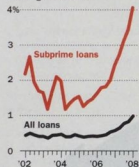
prices and rising delinquencies. It sounds so liberating, but what does it mean? That foreclosure can be a good thing?

Much like homes with similar exteriors, walk-away companies can look very different on the inside. Some use the phrase to reel in the desperate and then help them try to save their homes (what a concept), while others don’t do much more than hand-holding through the foreclosure process—guidance that’s given elsewhere for free. The

Trouble at Home. Foreclosures are hitting the coasts the hardest

One in every 483 U.S. households received some sort of foreclosure notice during May, up 7% from April and up 48% compared with May 2007. No wonder walk-away companies are popping up all over the place

Percentage of loans entering foreclosure



*Default notices, auction sale notices and bank repossessions in May 2008. Sources: Map data from RealtyTrac; chart data from the Mortgage Bankers Association

whole idea of walking away is troubling to consumer advocates, who worry that these firms are whitewashing the fact that foreclosure is a traumatic experience—both financially and emotionally—that takes years to recover from.

The Walk Away Plan sounded pretty good to Paula Bond. A bookkeeper at a battered Florida construction company, she first heard about the plan on TV at 3 a.m., not long after her salary was cut in February by \$100 a week and she realized she couldn't keep making her mortgage payments. Selling the house was hardly an option. Properties on her block were going for \$135,000; two years ago, she'd paid \$188,000. She had phoned her bank and tried to renegotiate the terms of her loan. "Every time I called," she says, "they gave me another number to call." She grew frustrated. Then she panicked.

When she called the Walk Away Plan's toll-free number, she thought losing her home was inevitable. But Paul Helbert, who started the company last fall as an extension of his real estate—investing business, drafted a letter explaining her situation—an appeal based on the fact that banks, deluged with loans going awry, would like to avoid foreclosure too, since it can cost tens of thousands of dollars in legal and rehab fees to repossess and sell a house. "We wrote a beautiful distress letter together," says Helbert. "We told her story." He was eventually able to talk the bank into reducing

Bond's interest rate enough to save her \$460 a month. So far, Helbert has helped keep about a third of his clients from losing their homes. (It probably doesn't hurt that he has an employee whose main job is sitting on hold all day with lenders.) The other two-thirds are a testament to the fact that many people took out loans they couldn't afford in the first place and that banks are up for hearing a good case—but not rolling over.



Mortgage out of Hand? Avoid knee-jerk moves

WHEN YOU FEEL LIKE ...

Never answering your phone again because the bank keeps calling

A BETTER IDEA WOULD BE ...

To write a letter explaining in lots of gory detail why you find yourself in arrears

WHEN YOU FEEL LIKE ...

Mailing your keys to the bank

A BETTER IDEA WOULD BE ...

To find a nonprofit housing counselor (call 888-995-HOPE) and explore options like a short sale or signing over your deed

WHEN YOU FEEL LIKE ...

Ripping out the appliances and fleeing in the middle of the night

A BETTER IDEA WOULD BE ...

To not trash the place and ask the bank to help pay your moving expenses in return

There's a problem, though, with Helbert's whole operation: a nonprofit housing counselor might have gotten Bond the same result without charging her hundreds of dollars. In fact, many of the flashiest benefits these new walk-away companies advertise are ones homeowners can procure on their own. Are you willing to pay someone to force the bank to stop harassing you with phone calls? O.K., but you can achieve the same result for the cost of a stamp by sending a letter citing the Fair Debt Collection Practices Act, which says lenders can call only if they're taking a specific action against you. How about hiring someone to make the bank give you thousands of dollars in moving expenses during foreclosure? Sounds grand, but a homeowner can lock in this money—it's called "cash for keys"—just as easily as a company representing him by promising not to trash the house on his way out.

Of course, to make these kinds of deals, people have to know they exist. And as the system of nonprofit housing counselors has been flooded, many agencies have been forced to triage homeowners: less urgent cases go to the back of the line.

Which helps explain why the financially distraught are searching high and low for help. Larry Stopczynski, a retired auto engineer in Michigan, has seen the value of his home drop by more than \$100,000; he now owes more in mortgage payments than the house is worth. So two

months ago, he paid Short Refi Me \$1,495 to try to get his banks to agree to be paid off by a new mortgage, based on a current appraisal. If it works, Stopczynski will also pay the San Diego company 1% of the new-loan value—and he'll get to stay in his home. "I wasn't getting past square one with the banks," he says. "I figured it was worth the gamble." And a gamble it truly is. The only surefire way to get out of a crushing mortgage is to stop mailing in checks and incite the bank to foreclose. Hence Short Refi Me's sister program, Home Free Me, which walks forecloseses through the process for \$897.

Housing counselors wince at these kinds of companies, the ones that tell people it's O.K. to simply "walk away." For \$995, You Walk Away sends its Walk Away Protection Plan & Kit, which explains the laws regarding foreclosure, debt collection and bankruptcy. It's a nice compilation but nothing you couldn't find online. Customers also get one consultation with an at-



HEALTH

Crash Course. Why golf carts are more hazardous than they look

GOLF CARTS ARE FUN LITTLE BUGGERS. And they're not just for fairways anymore: as Americans look for cleaner, greener ways to get around, golf carts are showing up on residential streets. But be careful. These carts require more caution than you may think.

According to new research, golf-cart injuries have soared higher than a Tiger Woods tee shot. The Center for Injury Research and Policy in Columbus, Ohio, reported that the number of cart-related trips to the emergency room jumped from an estimated 5,772 in 1990 to 13,411 in 2006, a 132% increase. The highest injury rates were among males ages 10 to 19 and those over 70, according to a study by the University of Alabama at Birmingham. And these aren't scratches from falling into a sand trap. The wounds include concussions, fractures, even hemorrhages.

Why the spike? In retirement communities and suburban culs-de-sac, battery-powered carts are a cheap, energy-efficient way to move around the neighborhood. And in the street, drivers are more likely to thump against the pavement or, worse, collide with a car; more than half the incidents tallied in these studies took place off the golf course. Also, carts are getting faster—some go 25 m.p.h. (40 km/h)—but still often lack basic protections like seat belts or side rails.

The studies' authors offer sensible recommendations, like mandating a minimum driving age of 16, braking slowly and wearing a helmet while riding (which probably won't fly at the country club). Most important, drivers shouldn't be casual. Golf may be a wimpy game—but those carts are dangerously strong. —BY SEAN GREGORY

Nonprofit counselors have been forced to triage homeowners: less urgent cases go to the back of the line

torney, a tax evaluation and, for an extra \$39 a month, a "credit repair" service—but pretty much the only thing it can do is erase inaccuracies in your credit report. What is real—and what is very much downplayed by these outfits—is how completely a foreclosure wrecks your finances. Near term, you might get slammed with a massive tax bill, since forgiven debt can be subject to income tax. Long term, car loans and—you guessed it—home loans will be much harder to come by. How's that for walking away? "This is the American Dream ended in disaster," says Odette Williamson, a foreclosure lawyer at the National Consumer Law Center.

But You Walk Away does at least walk you through walking away. That's why Jim Lowry, a San Francisco-based maintenance manager, is pretty happy with the firm, even though it doesn't talk to his bank or do any other legwork for him as he tries to find a buyer before the bank repossesses his daughter's house. Lowry had talked to some other real estate types, but it wasn't until a phone conversation with a You Walk Away "advocate" that he felt he had a handle on the situation. "I'm not worried anymore. I know what's going to happen," he says. "Peace of mind is the main thing." And there are plenty of people willing to sell it to him. ■

GEEK CHIC

Explosives Camp

Some campers roast marshmallows. Others detonate chickens. At the explosives camp run by Missouri University of Science and Technology in Rolla, Mo., 60 high school students, some from as far away as Hawaii, come to learn about explosives engineering. To warn kids about improperly handling



detonators, the one-week sessions begin by setting off a blasting cap tucked inside a defrosted chicken—talk about a powerful demonstration—and end with a student-produced pyrotechnics show

that rivals any city's Fourth of July offering. In between: trips to quarries and mines to witness blasts and the chance to blow up a watermelon. Eat your heart out, Gallagher. —BY DEIRDRE VAN DYK

TRAVEL

How to Buy an Oriental Rug. One of TIME's Middle East correspondents offers tips for novice bargain hunters

BY ANDREW LEE BUTTERS/DAMASCUS

ONE OF THE FRINGE BENEFITS OF BEING A Middle East correspondent is that my travels in the region have allowed me to start a decent little collection of Oriental rugs and, in the process, get better at the art of buying them. I bought my first one—a prayer rug, to celebrate my safe return from Iraq—at a suq in the Old City of Damascus. Carpet seekers flock to similarly byzantine markets in Morocco and Turkey, among other countries. But Syria is a particularly good place to pick up rugs and has been ever since Silk Road travelers from the great weaving cultures of Central Asia passed through this final arc of the Fertile Crescent on their way to the Holy Land.

WHERE ORIENTAL RUGS ARE MADE



But no matter how good the rug selection, the endless variations in style and quality make bazaar bargaining a daunting exercise. And any transaction can conjure old clichés of naïve Americans and wily, opaque locals.

But such clichés are exactly that. Rug traders drive a hard bargain for the same reason everyone else does: money. And anyone who thinks Western capitalism is transparent should look to the subprime-mortgage-derivatives mess. Still, there are some useful lessons I've learned from buying rugs, which, when taken with a healthy dose of skepticism for metaphor, are also perhaps a useful guide to being an American traveling abroad.

Let's Make a Deal. A few pointers on bargaining in bazaars

The sellers will win this game Because they invented it. Friends in the industry tell me that the way to start buying rugs is to start doing homework: check out auction-house catalogs, ask big dealers for their prices, then hit the small shops and look at a lot of everything. But no matter how much research I do, there's little chance I'm going to outfox a merchant with years of experience. One way or another, I'm going to have to pay the pink-face tax.

So stick with what works for you If you like the rug, it's a good rug. Conversely, if you got a great price on a rug but it doesn't fit in your living room, you're a sucker. Early on, I decided that I much prefer simple, single-knot wool rugs that have a homespun quality to them, as opposed to grand Persian double-knot silk carpets. (This may mean that my tastes aren't very elevated, but I've saved a lot of beer money this way.)

Pretend not to care too much Life is unfair. It's easier to get a job when you already have one, easier to get laid when you already have a girlfriend and easier to get things when you don't really want them. I did my best-ever bit of bargaining on a layover in Istanbul during the January tourist doldrums. A rug trader took me to his shop and showed me a beautiful kilim. "I'm on my way to Iraq. I don't want to buy a rug," I kept saying—as the price kept plummeting.

Think about the big picture And the big picture is grim. The wars and upheavals of the 20th century have almost completely destroyed the nomadic herding cultures that created these wonderful handwoven rugs. The mats and carpets in these bazaars are almost certainly the best you will ever see—artifacts from a time before mass production, when humans made things of enduring meaning. How do you put a price on that?



Choices, choices
A carpet shop near an entrance to the Grand Bazaar in Istanbul

When he checked in, he was Mr. Simmons.



When he checked out, he was just plain Bob.

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MOVIES

Batman's Half Brothers.

Graphic novels are Hollywood's newest gold mine

BY REBECCA WINTERS KEEGAN

SUPERMAN LEAPED 40 YEARS' WORTH OF tall buildings on the printed page before he landed his first feature film, in 1978. In 2003, Wesley Gibson, the cubicle-dwelling assassin in Mark Millar's nihilist graphic novel *Wanted*, had producers circling before his first issue even went to print. Millar's work is unlikely source material for a big-budget movie; one of his obscenely named villains is made of fecal matter from 666 evildoers,

including Adolf Hitler and Jeffrey Dahmer. Nevertheless, *Wanted* is now a glossy summer action movie starring James McAvoy, Angelina Jolie and Morgan Freeman, directed by new-to-big-studio-movies Russian Timur Bekmambetov.

Graphic novels—long comic books for grownups—have always had mostly cult appeal. Last year's most successful, the 13th volume in a Japanese *manga* adventure series—*Naruto*, by Masashi Kishimoto—sold 80,000 copies, far short



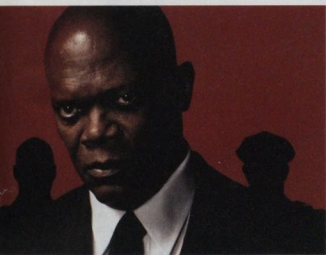
WANTED

Angelina Jolie is a vixen assassin named Fox in this R-rated adaptation of Millar's very graphic graphic novel



HELLBOY II

In the comic and the movie, the beast of the apocalypse (Ron Perlman) fights for the good guys. But Hellboy's love interest, Selma Blair, is all Hollywood's doing



THE SPIRIT

Miller directs the 1940s comic strip in which a rookie cop returns from the dead to fight baddies like Samuel L. Jackson's Octopus



WATCHMEN

Jeffrey Dean Morgan is the Comedian in next year's adaptation of the landmark graphic novel



wood is on the comics industry has known for decades: "The audience for comic-book movies is overweight guys in their mid-30s," says director, comic-book-store owner and overweight guy in his late 30s Kevin Smith. Actually, the average age of a comic-book buyer is 23, but Smith's point—that there are fans aplenty to support R-rated comics franchises—has been digested. Even PG-13 comic-book movies are maturing. Batman keeps getting darker scripts, like Nolan's *The Dark Knight*, starring Christian Bale and Heath Ledger (in his haunting last performance, as the Joker). Marvel Studios' first two movies, *Iron Man* and *The Incredible Hulk*, star Robert Downey Jr. and Ed Norton, Oscar-nominated actors with indie credibility. And *Hellboy*, who is back this summer for a sequel, is hardly your standard man in tights. He smokes cigars, drinks Red Bull and collects kittens. "Kids aren't kids anymore," says *Hellboy* creator Mike Mignola. "They're so exposed to everything. They wouldn't accept really simplistic superheroes." It's likely that a superhero movie like *Watchmen* or *The Dark Knight* couldn't be appreciated by audiences without the simpler fare that came before it. You can't deconstruct the super-

The joke in Hollywood is that comic-book adaptations have an advantage: studio execs can see beforehand what the movie will look like

hero until someone has constructed him, rubber nipples and all. "Watchmen is thick and complicated and violent and political and critical of America," Snyder says. "It's huge."

Watchmen, easily next year's most anticipated comic-book movie, is based on a graphic novel that's more than 20 years old. What Hollywood would really like is the next big thing. If studio execs can't find one they like by thumbing through publishers' catalogs, they'll create it themselves. In May, Disney announced that Ahmet Zappa, son of Frank, will head up its new Kingdom Comics, a publisher with the express purpose of developing graphic-novel film projects for the studio. This month TokyoPop, a Los Angeles-based manga publisher, announced the creation of a comics-to-films unit. Though it may be good news for any

comic-book writer with a mortgage to pay, all those carnivorous studios make some comic-book fans nervous. "As soon as you start reverse-engineering the process, it's broken," says Snyder. Miller, who now needs bodyguards at comic-book conventions, cautions his industry against embracing fast nickels at the expense of good products. "You can't make a sword with more than one blade," he says. "Comic book, movie and game. It's bound to be bad at all three."

Millar, meanwhile, is giddily anticipating the opening of *Wanted* on June 27, even though the pooppy bad guy didn't make the final cut. (Imagine the missed merchandising opportunities!) Millar views the graphic-novel-to-movies trend as being likely to stoke creativity, not stifle it. "Hollywood eats up ideas quickly, but comics come up with 200 new ideas a month," he says.

His next comic is about a 100-year U.S. war in the Middle East, with superpowered soldiers and flying Islamic fundamentalists. It's the kind of idea that would get squashed at a studio meeting, where the poor performance of all the Iraq-war movies would be trotted out. But then, Millar doesn't need anyone's green light. He just needs an artist and a pen. ■



Splendor in the glass A gallery, right, is serenely symmetrical. But a diagonal wall, left and above right, takes the courtyard down a different path



ARCHITECTURE

The Abstract and the Concrete. A splendidly simple new building by Tadao Ando proves that less can still be more

BY RICHARD LACAYO

LET'S SAY FRANK GEHRY REPRESENTS ONE end of the architectural spectrum, the shiny, exuberant, walls-that-do-the-hula end. The man on the opposite side—the serene, economical, subdued side—would have to be Japanese architect Tadao Ando. If Gehry's signature form is a whiplash, Ando's is a broad, flat plane. Gehry's best-known materials are titanium and glowing steel. Ando's is pale gray concrete.

Broad, flat, pale and gray may not sound like a formula for pleasure. But you don't know what pleasure is until you've seen Ando's Church of the Light near Osaka, Japan, where two intersecting slots in a rear wall admit sunlight in the form of a glowing cross. And then there's his triumphant Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth, in Texas, a palisade of glass pavilions that touch down

mysteriously on a broad reflecting pool.

What the 21st century should look like is still a contested question, but the contest is increasingly going to forms that are not broad, flat, pale and gray. In a world being radically reconfigured by Gehry, Zaha Hadid and Daniel Libeskind, Ando represents the continuing relevance of a more reductive strain of 20th century Modernism. When the Fort Worth museum was commissioned, Ando, now 66, had built widely in Japan but not much outside. By the time it opened six years ago, he was firmly located on the international short list of architects that everybody was after.

But he hasn't completed another building in the U.S. until now. On June 22, his Stone Hill Center, a combination of galleries and art-conservation labs, opens at the Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute, the superb small museum and art-study center in Williamstown, Mass. It's exactly

what you would expect from him. It's pale, gray, serene, economical, subdued and, from most angles, pretty splendid.

Mark Twain once said about rural England that it was "too absolutely beautiful to be left out of doors." He could have said the same about the Berkshires, where the Clark is set. More than any of his other American projects, the Stone Hill Center, which he worked on with the landscape designers Reed Hilderbrand Associates, has allowed Ando to set up the elegant interactions with nature he's known for in Japan. And in his way, he does indeed bring it indoors. In one gallery, a view of woodlands is abstracted—compressed and subdivided—by way of a window wall that looks out across a covered terrace. Outside, a squared archway in a freestanding diagonal wall creates a proscenium that turns earth and sky into a kind of cosmic theater.

Like everything else Ando does, this building calls to mind the delicacy and simplicity of traditional Japanese architecture. That he achieves that effect with concrete is the ever charming paradox of his work. But in that way, his buildings bear the mark of two 20th century Modernists he admires, Le Corbusier and Louis Kahn, who found in concrete an opportunity for blunt majesty and even a kind of lyricism. The minimalist Modernism that Ando practices may not be in vogue these days. But in the right hands, it still works wonders.

Steady Art Beat
Richard Lacayo blogs daily about art and architecture at time.com/lookingaround



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Downtime



5 Things You Should Know About. A boy band, an American girl and—wouldja believe?—Agent 86



TELEVISION

Camp Rock Disney Channel, June 20, 8 p.m. E.T.; ABC, June 21, 8 p.m. E.T.

The Jonas Brothers—those three words being all the review the tween audience needs—get a feature that might as well be titled *High School Musical 2 II*. (Summer vacation, evil rich girl, be-true-to-yourself moral? Check, check, check.) The band has a refreshing scruffiness but except for Joe (left) gets too little screen time to leaven the formula slickness. **B-**



MUSIC

Alejandro Escovedo *Real Animal*; out June 24

The Southwest's favorite troubadour still moans harder than he rocks, but on tracks like *Sensitive Boys* and *Nun's Song*, the old grievances and regrets are balanced by just enough humor and wailing gee-tar riffs to get the listener through. Still, a lot of moaning. **C+**



MOVIES

Get Smart Directed by Peter Segal; written by Tom J. Astle, Matt Ember; rated PG-13; out now
Updating the '60s TV spy spoof, the film raises the IQ of bumbling secret agent Maxwell Smart to suit Steve Carell's earnest geniality. There's some fine banter and sly sizzle from Anne Hathaway as Agent 99. And all the ole zingers are there. Mostly, though, it's just a summer time-waster. **C+**



The Love Guru Directed by Marco Schnabel; rated PG-13; out now

Turns out Mike Myers' new comedy about a self-help swami is... not awful. The vibe is so benign that one can forgive the movie's slapdash narrative and penis and pee-pee fixations. In the role of a stud goalie, Justin Timberlake shows he has a future as the guy who can upstage the star comic. **B-**



Kit Kittredge: An American Girl Directed by Patricia Rozema; rated G; out now

The American Girl franchise of dolls and novels spawns its first theatrical film, with *Little Miss Sunshine*'s Abigail Breslin as the crusading kid in Depression-era Cincinnati, Ohio. Broadly acted and starkly sentimental, it observes every liberal and cinematic piety. **C** for adults, **A** for tween girls.

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Gibbs

Prayer and the Presidency. We like our leaders to have faith. So why do we make it so hard for them to express it?

HAVING A PRESIDENT IN YOUR PARISH CAN GO TO A pastor's head, as Dwight Eisenhower learned soon after he took office. Ike, though personally devout, wasn't much of a churchgoer, but he didn't think people would want a President who just played golf on Sundays. So he became the first President to be baptized in office and joined National Presbyterian. The minister had promised there would be no publicity, but as Eisenhower wrote angrily in his diary, "we were scarcely home before the fact was being publicized, by the pastor, to the hilt."

We still have a lot to learn about the choreography of faith and politics. None of the candidates in this year's race have looked very graceful, or sounded very wise, about how they would manage the eternal dance between their personal faith and its public expression were they to become President. And the conduct and coverage of this race isn't making the challenge easier.

For many Democrats, it has been refreshing to welcome a candidate who is not only able but eager to talk about his faith journey, starting two years ago at the Call to Renewal conference when Barack Obama addressed the "God gap" head-on, calling for a "serious debate about how to reconcile faith with our modern, pluralistic democracy," and declared that "secularists are wrong when they ask believers to leave their religion at the door before entering into the public square." But having brought his own faith and church and pastor into that square, he found them to be serious obstacles on the way to the nomination. Obama said he didn't go to church on Mother's Day because it would have been a circus: "I am not going to burden the church at the moment with my presence," he sighed, and when the point came that he had to resign his membership altogether, he announced that he would not be joining a new one until after November. In the meantime, his campaign continues its aggressive faith outreach, especially to young, culturally flexible Evangelicals. But he can expect to be answering for the Rev. Jeremiah Wright and Father Michael Pfleger every day between now and then.

John McCain, meanwhile, has executed some intricate maneuvers of his own. The man who once labeled conservative Christian leaders "agents of intolerance" sought out their endorsements, only to twist away once again when he too found himself held accountable for

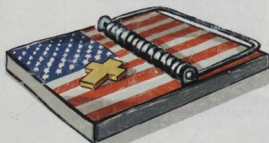
their beliefs. He argued that Obama's 20-year devotion to Wright was weightier than his own transparently cynical effort to co-opt megapastors like John Hagee and Rod Parsley. This is just politics, he winked—I don't have to believe everything they say. But social-conservative leaders will expect their voices to count in a McCain White House; if there is a belief that unites otherwise entropic Evangelicals, it is that it's not enough to be patted on the head and told, "Thanks for your votes. Now run along and pray."

In a sense, we lead candidates into these traps, since for as long as pollsters have polled, Americans have said they want a person of faith in the White House. Yet having set that standard, we are actually making it harder for candidates to meet it. Against a religiously vulnerable GOP

primary field, this year's faithful Democrats were so eager to close the God gap that they willingly relinquished any spiritual privacy and discussed not just the impact of their faith on their policies but also their experience of the Holy Spirit, their favorite Scriptures and the focus of their prayers. And

so we treat their pastors as partisan players, their churches as focus groups. How is that likely to affect the choices candidates make, the churches they join, the counsel they seek? Will they have to vet their congregations the way they do their Cabinets? Or follow Richard Nixon's example and move services into the White House, where he found them to be the ideal opportunity to reward friends and woo donors and twist arms, all the while sighing, "He will hold me fast/ For my Saviour loves me so?"

This is a bad road to travel. Abraham Lincoln described the presidency as an office that would drive a man to his knees. We should not be making it harder for Presidents to find solace. And their preachers should be able to mount the pulpit and speak from the heart, without obsessing over what it will look like on YouTube. Is there a reason we can't get this relationship right? I don't agree with secular critics that a pluralist democracy has to be a religion-free zone, if only because it's unrealistic to expect voters or candidates to numb the spirit that moves them. But this race has brought us new trials and exposed new challenges: the risk to preachers who get caught up in the game, and the cost to candidates if there is no escape from it, no sanctuary to settle their souls. ■



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